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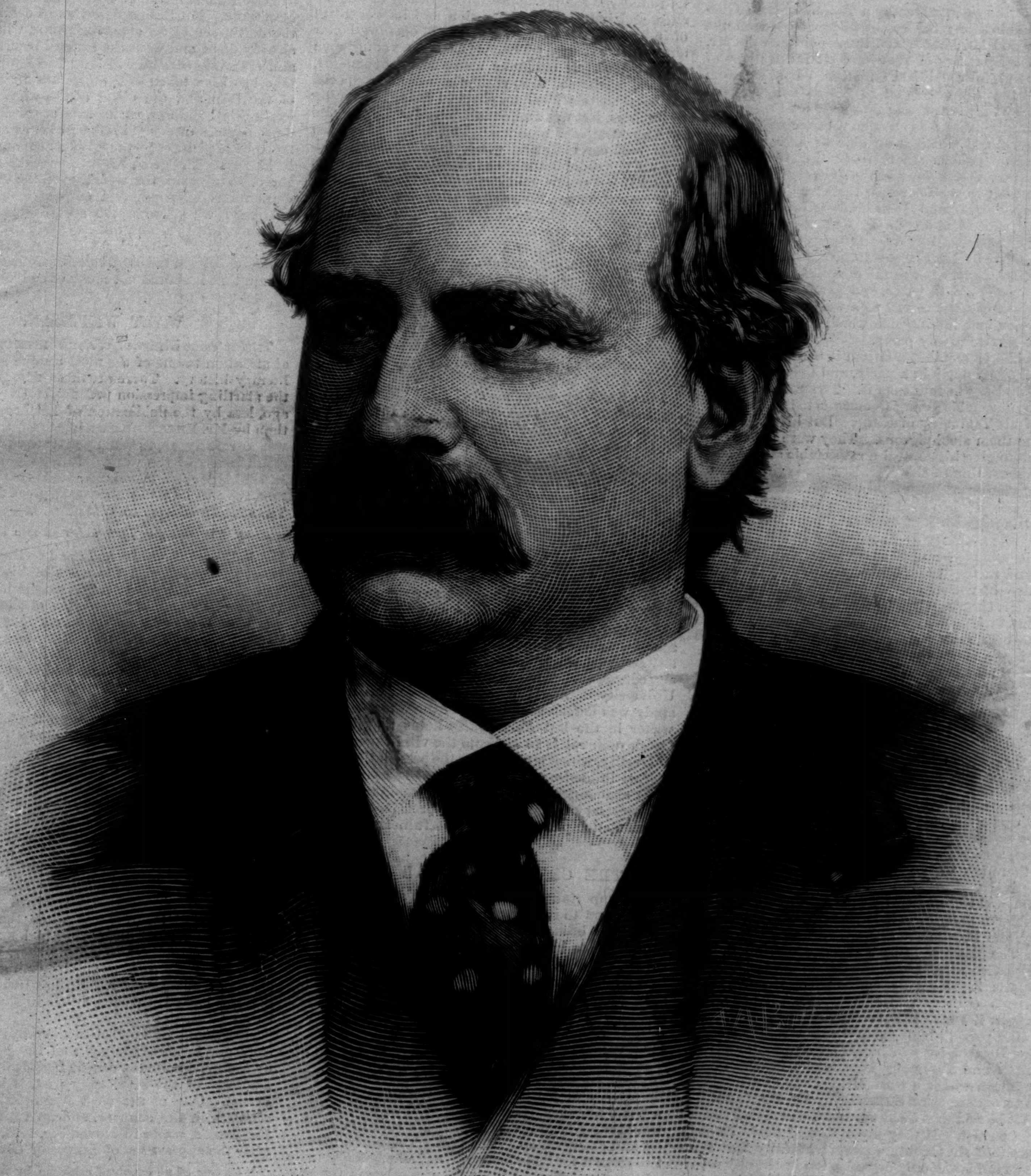

ANTHONY JOSEPH DREXEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE IVORY GATE,

BY WALTER BESANT,

A brilliant serial story, will begin in HARPER'S BAZAR, *Volume XXV., No. 1.*

INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS.

THE result of the election in New York, which confirmed by an enormous majority the power of Tammany Hall and all the forces which it represents, and prevented the completion of the ballot law; the election of Mr. CRISP as Speaker of the House of Representatives by a Tammany-HILL-GORMAN combination; the correspondence between the Speaker and Mr. MILLS; and the appointment of Mr. ELKINS as Secretary of War—are all illustrations of the present false political situation. It arises from the fact that the two great parties do not represent the chief public issues, and that neither of them, as a party, can be trusted as an agency to secure the honest government which is an object transcending all questions of policy. In this situation the body of independent voters is necessarily very large. So long as the two parties retain their traditional hold, and Republicans and Democrats follow the party machine, controlled on one side by leaders like QUAY, PLATT, CLARKSON, DUDLEY, and their comrades, and on the other by HILL, GORMAN, SPRINGER, and Tammany Hall, a great multitude of voters will be necessarily unattached to party, and party action will be determined without regard to a weight of character, experience, and intelligence which would be of the highest service to any party.

It is idle to say that a citizen is necessarily impotent who does not join a party, and that he ought to join it and try to influence it. TWEED used to propose to respectable young Democrats to become members of his Tammany machine. But his object was to make them stool-pigeons. They were not to control, but to give his control a respectable air. When a President thinks that Mr. ELKINS is the kind of person who should be called into the cabinet, is it a good time to join the Republican party in order to secure another kind of cabinet officer? When the Democratic majority in New York declares emphatically its confidence in Senator HILL and Tammany Hall, and in the House selects as Speaker the representative of active opposition to a Democracy of which Mr. CLEVELAND is the representative, is it the moment to join the party in order to persuade it to renounce Tammany leadership? Reform within the party is the merest chimera. The occasion and necessity of reform arise from the fact that the party, which means its majority, is going wrong. But so long as the party is successful, how is the minority to persuade the majority that it ought to mend its ways? A party is a body of men who agree, not who disagree. When a voter feels that his party needs to be reformed, he must procure its defeat, and then he ceases to be a member of the party.

There are four questions which are now most prominent, and upon which the great body of independent voters agree. They are tariff reform, civil service reform, a sound currency, and honest government. But there is no party which stands for these issues collectively. The Democratic party professes tariff reform, and rejects its especial representatives. The Republican party calls itself the party of honest currency, and Republican Senators are free silver leaders. The platform of both parties speaks politely of civil service reform, and the administration of both discredits it. Both denounce political corruption, and each collects and spends corruptly as much money as it can. If it be the duty of every citizen to join a party, which party shall he join? Shall it be the Democratic which prefers Mr. HILL and Mr. GORMAN and Tammany Hall as its leaders, or the Republican which honors Mr. ELKINS and seriously tries to replace JOHN SHERMAN by Mr. FORAKER? It cannot be said that these are not the accepted leaders of the parties. If they are not, who are? Nobody denies that Mr. CROKER asserts truthfully that Tammany Hall is the only organization in the city recognized by the Democratic party of New York, nor that Governor HILL is the actual Democratic leader in the State. Nor will anybody deny that Mr. PLATT is the Republican leader in New York and Mr. QUAY in Pennsylvania, nor that the attempt to justify the appointment of Mr. ELKINS is an evidence of decline in the true standard of the public service. It is a time when parties do not represent the actual division of political opinion, and when both parties degrade the political standard, and it is therefore a time of greater political independence than ever.

THE DREXEL INSTITUTE.

THE opening of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia was properly distinguished by impressive exercises. Mr. MACVEAGH, in presenting the deed of trust, made one remark which recalled the praise which CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS bestowed upon Mr. SEWARD in his eulogy before the New York Legislature. The money which has built and furnished this noble school, said Mr. MACVEAGH in effect, is money honestly earned. We must say, in praise of Mr. SEWARD, said Mr. ADAMS in effect, what would once have been an insult, that his honesty was beyond suspicion. The purpose of the Institute is as generous as its endowment, and as characteristic of the time and the country. There is nothing more distinctive of the time than the extension of education. The movement for university extension is but a sign of it, and the great interest and co-operation in that effort is evidence of its vitality. The Chautauqua system is another form of the same spirit, and the Harvard Annex and Barnard College illustrate still another aspect of it.

The Drexel Institute is not another college or university in the old sense, but in the new. The aim of its founder is the promotion of education in art, science, and industry, the extension and improvement of industrial education as a means of opening better and wider avenues of employment to young men and women. It embraces many departments—art, science, mechanic arts, domestic economy, special technical courses, business, physical training, training of teachers, lectures and evening classes, library and reading-room, and museum. This scheme has been elaborated carefully and wisely into details, including all the chief branches of practical use, such—in the technical department—as applied electricity, machine construction, house decoration, cookery, dress-making, photography, and mechanical drawing. There is a Board of Managers, of which Mr. DREXEL is president; and an Advisory Board of Women, of which Miss ANNA HALLOWELL is chairman; while the selection of Dr. JAMES MACALISTER as President of the Institute itself is singularly happy, for, as Superintendent of Schools in Philadelphia, not only was Dr. MACALISTER eminent for ability, but no man is more thoroughly acquainted with the character and requirements of those from whom the pupils of the Institute will be largely drawn.

Like the fairy who showered good gifts upon the cradle of the Prince, the opening of the Institute was graced by the characteristic generosity of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, who presented to it almost his entire and famous collection of rare prints, manuscripts, rich relics, and autographs, which is probably the finest collection of the kind in the world, and is valued at not less than a hundred thousand dollars. Mr. DREXEL'S munificent foundation and Mr. CHILDS'S precious gift may be said, happily, to be characteristic of American benefactors. No school could begin under fairer auspices than those which attend the Drexel Institute; nor need any disciple of the older faith of higher education anticipate any harm to it from the founding and prospering of the new schools. It would indeed be a fatal error to relax in any essential way the traditional standard of university education. The recent proposition at Cambridge University in England to make Greek an optional study was defeated by a vote of three to one; and a writer in the last *Fortnightly* holds that to make Greek optional is to abdicate the vital function of a university, which is to form on the present the highest literary influence of the past. That is a purpose not to be abandoned. But in order to maintain it, it is not necessary to prohibit or to depreciate the studies which contemplate immediate usefulness.

THE GREAT NATIONAL FAIR.

THE importance of the great fair at Chicago and the relation to it of the city of New York could not have been brought home to this community more strongly than by the speeches at the dinner given by the New York Commissioners to the officers of the fair. As was becoming, Mr. DEPEW, who was the most strenuous advocate of the claim of New York to be the site of the fair, presided at the dinner and introduced the subject, and while there seems not to have been much hilarious enthusiasm, the situation was set forth by the speakers with ability and skill. If New York were a city of which the general public spirit and patriotic feeling were commensurate with its numbers, its enterprise, and its wealth, there would have been no need of such a spur to its interest and co-operation in the fair. There are, indeed, two reasons for its lethargy. One is the heterogeneity of the population of the city; the other is the partisan political character of the proposed management which appeared when the question of the site was first raised. Tammany Hall took the active initiative, and a harmonious understanding was consequently impossible.

When Congress selected Chicago as the city of the fair it could not allay political feeling and local jealousies, nor could it stimulate an interest of which there were then very few indications. But all such considerations are now at an end. There is to be a great fair at Chicago, to which the national sanction has been given, and to which the attention of the world has been nationally challenged. The national pride and name are involved. The city of Chicago has begun the preparation in the most fitting, munificent, and adequate manner, and in the most cosmopolitan spirit. All that a rich, generous, and intelligent city can do to discharge its own duty in the matter is doing and will be done. The responsibility for the general result now rests with the country. Other States and cities have made ample provision for their participation in the great work, but New York, which describes itself as the Empire State, and this city, which proudly calls itself the metropolis of the Western continent, still lingers. But even if it wished, as certainly it does not wish, to prevent the fair or to lessen its brilliancy of success, it could not do it. The great enterprise is already under way by a national impulse, and if New York, in the familiar phrase, should not care to keep up with the procession, it would be left.

Of the magnificent design of the exhibition, and of the progress already accomplished, no better conception can be conveyed than by the article by Mr. JULIAN RALPH in the January number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Mr. RALPH describes in detail, and with the deft touch of an expert narrator, what has been already done, and what the general result of the vast and elaborate scheme will be. The happiest advantage has been taken of the grounds upon the shore of the lake, and the effect of the whole system of exposition buildings, parks, avenues, waterways, and dependencies of every kind will be, as a mere spectacle of a picturesque magnificence unprecedented in history. The great historic pageants, the field of the cloth of gold, the wedding of the Adriatic, the coronations of popes and emperors, could not be compared with the superb architectural and decorated display, to which none of the famous Oriental fairs would offer the least rivalry. If New York moves slowly in taking its position, there is no good reason that it should not move effectively.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE extreme illness of WALT WHITMAN calls general attention to one of the most unique figures in our literary history. There are those who recall vividly the startling impression produced thirty-seven years ago, less by the publication of his *Leaves of Grass* than by Mr. EMERSON'S greeting to the author, which was carefully reprinted upon the cover of subsequent issues of the work. In later years the name which his devoted friend, the late WILLIAM D. O'CONNOR, gave to him, the good gray poet, suggested by TENNYSON'S address to WELLINGTON—

"O good gray head, which all men knew"—

has indicated the universal good feeling with which he was regarded, and the news of his death would be received with very tender emotion. This is due to the simple, manly character of the man, which was always his charm. HENRY THOREAU, whose independence of conventions and sturdy intellectual courage would give him great sympathy with WHITMAN, described a visit to him which would have been memorable to any third person who knew both of the men.

A man who fraternized with the b'hoys of forty years ago, who delighted to study human nature and the world from a seat with omnibus-drivers in Broadway, and who walked over a large part of the Western country, and then in a kind of measured chant celebrated himself and the American as a new birth of the spirit of the age with such effect as to cause EMERSON to say of the *Leaves of Grass*, "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed," was certainly not a commonplace person. This cheerful and self-relying heartiness he retained through life, equal to any fortune, and when the doctors told him that he must die, saying to his nurse, "We'll beat the doctors yet." As a writer, WHITMAN will probably be regarded as an interesting oddity, not as a great poet or master. He has incited no following, nor have his poems, either in lines or phrases, become a part of familiar speech. Indeed, the word poetry would be applied to them by very few persons, nor is it easy to see that the judgment of his own time, despite the ardent friendship of a circle of admirers of the good gray poet, is likely to be reversed. One of the most accomplished critics and scholars in the country, and an intimate friend of EMERSON'S, wrote in November, 1855, a few months after the appearance of *Leaves of Grass:*

> "I know of no canon of criticism by which WHITMAN'S book can be called admirable, and can frame no theory of art which will justify EMERSON'S praise. There are striking things in it unquestionably, as there are patches of verdure in a desert, but to me who consider form one of the essentials of poetry it is an enormity, a book without a law, an offence and an affront. I think EMERSON could only have noticed its singularity, and not have weighed its worth, when he wrote the author that letter."

In 1885 WHITMAN himself described a long talk with EMERSON which occurred in 1860, in which EMERSON totally condemned certain parts of the early poems.

WHITMAN admitted that "each point of EMERSON'S statement was unanswerable; no judge's charge ever more complete and convincing." But when EMERSON asked, "What have you to say, then, to such things?" WHITMAN replied, "Only that while I can't answer them at all, I feel more settled than ever to adhere to my own theory, and exemplify it." He kept his faith with himself, except that we do not recall in his later writings reason for the condemnation which EMERSON expressed. Indeed, if it will not be agreed that WHITMAN was a great poet, it will not be denied that his rectitude and manly fidelity to his own faith in literature as in the conduct of life justify the kindly feeling with which he is regarded. There was something in the impression that he produced which recalls CARLYLE'S farewell to SCOTT: "No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time."

A FREE MUSEUM OF ART.

IF there were a proposition to close the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the city of New York, there would be a general and vigorous protest. The museum has become gradually one of the most interesting of public resorts, and the stranger within our gates who has seen the Brooklyn Bridge turns to Central Park, and while admiring the pleasure-ground, finds its own charm rivalled in one of its buildings by the splendid collection of the Metropolitan Museum.

It is a collection, however, which has been gathered without public aid. It is the result of private gifts, and it has been most happily in charge of public-spirited citizens who comprehended the value of their trust, and who from very small beginnings have accumulated one of the finest collections in the world. To achieve this result they have themselves contributed most generously. The trustees have given more than $600,000, besides a great deal of time and labor. The expenses of maintenance, including the technical art schools, are about $80,000. In consideration of certain days of free admission in the week, the city now grants $15,000 to the museum, and the State gives $25,000.

The board now proposes to the city, in view of the general public interest and of the immense benefit of the museum to the whole community, that the city should pay the expense of opening the museum to the public free. The cost for the year 1892, calculated upon nearly a million of visitors, on Sundays as on week-days, is estimated at ten cents for each visitor. This proposition will be considered immediately. The free opening of such an institution, with its vast collection of object-lessons in art of every kind, will be of the utmost benefit to every branch of creative and decorative design, as well as promote general public pleasure and instruction. Public sentiment would certainly approve the public support of such a noble resort.

A LITTLE HOLIDAY SERMON.

THE power and value of the press as an agency of public instruction, and consequently of civilization, are so constantly illustrated that allusion thereto seems almost as droll as to the good effects of light and air. But a recent instance is very striking. As we remarked last week, some well-meaning persons of what is called the most intelligent part of the community appealed to the humane and charitable to provide a Merry Christmas for poor children. A large number of those whose names appear in the interesting contributions of Mr. Jenkins to the daily newspapers were published as patrons and patronesses of the enterprise, figuring this time as benefactors of the poor.

But a letter from Dr. RAINSFORD, who knew upon such a subject all that these good people did not know, was a sudden spark in tinder. There was an instant flame of knowledge, humor, experience, good sense, and argument, which illuminated the project thoroughly, and exposed both its folly and its mischief. The projectors could not abandon it without seeming to own their own mistaken and superficial estimate of the situation, and to retreat under the fusillade of cogent remonstrance and satirical fun would leave them in a rather ludicrous plight.

They therefore attempted to toss the remonstrance aside as a misconception, and suggested a conspiracy of mysterious enemies to perplex their wise generosity. But the press had turned on the light instantly. Everybody could see for himself that mistaken methods of charity may be very mischievous, and it is safe to presume that the Christmas Society will not renew its efforts next year. The prompt exposure and expostulation of the press have been a most effective Christmas sermon. A great deal more is known of the true principles of charity than before the droll project was announced.

GOVERNOR FLOWER.

THERE is naturally great interest to see the message of Governor FLOWER, of New York. His name is familiar, and he has been a member of Congress, but he cannot be called a well-known public man. He has not been a party leader, nor is his counsel known to have been generally sought by his party managers as that of a shrewd politician or a sagacious statesman. There is entire personal good-will toward him, but a Governor of New York in these days of highly organized parties, if not a leader, is very likely to be led. Like the Pope, his personal preferences and impulses are overborne by the traditions and the real masters of the Curia.

Governor FLOWER succeeds a man who, coming to the office by the resignation of his predecessor, and generally unknown, has held it for seven years, during which he has become one of the chief leaders of his party and a conspicuous public man. This must be conceded, whatever may be the estimate of his ability as a statesman or of his political character. That Mr. HILL takes rank with the great Governors of New York, with GEORGE CLINTON and JOHN JAY and DE WITT CLINTON and MARCY and SEWARD, will hardly be contended. That he is an extremely adroit politician cannot be denied. That his successor must rely largely upon friendly counsel is unquestionable, and there is little doubt to what quarter he will turn for it. Even some of his most ardent supporters in the late campaign are evidently painfully anxious and doubtful as to his course. In fact, the same apprehension is shown in the case of the Democratic Governor as in that of the Democratic House of Representatives, and it will be found probably a difficult task to stimulate a party to do what it does not really wish to do.

POSTMASTERS AND POLITICAL COMMITTEES.

THE resignation of Mr. VAN COTT, the Postmaster of New York, as a member of the Republican State Committee, is an example which should be enforced by a general order in every department. The reason is plain. Mr. VAN COTT and every head of a large office have a large number of employés whose tenure is practically their pleasure. The election assessments upon such employés are made in the name and by the authority of the State Committee, and if the postmaster or the collector be a member of the committee, the employé draws his own inferences, and avoids the chance of dismissal under any pretence by paying promptly.

It may be the fact that the postmaster or collector would not remove a recusant. But so long as he is a member of the committee, especially after the "invitation" to pay is issued, he exercises a certain, however involuntary, coercion upon the employé. Indeed, it is generally for that purpose that he is made a member of the committee, and if his selection is due to his prominence and activity as a politician, the coercion is only the stronger.

It was to baffle this kind of illicit influence that the law provides that no executive officer shall "directly or indirectly solicit or receive, or be in any manner concerned in soliciting or receiving" political contributions from public employés. Mr. VAN COTT, we think, was bound to announce to his employés that he did not approve the assessment to which his name apparently made him a party, and the facts in this case, as well as common-sense and a desire for the honest enforcement of the law, should have induced the Postmaster-General to issue a general order upon the subject. But the Postmaster's resignation is the recognition of the proper course under the circumstances, except that it should have been simultaneous with the issue of the levy.

THE COMMITTEES OF THE HOUSE.

THE committees announced by the Speaker show that the influences which elected the Speaker propose to control the action of the House, and confirm the view that there has been a great deal of misapprehension even among intelligent Democrats as to the actual political situation. There had been no opportunity until now to determine the question of the actual Democratic position. The Congressional election of last year, resulting in an immense Democratic majority, was held to be a great popular verdict against the MCKINLEY bill, and to settle finally the issue and the candidate of 1892.

But elections are interpreted largely by preferences and wishes, and any generalization must be treated warily. Senator HISCOCK, of New York, insisted in the debates on the MCKINLEY bill that the result of the election of 1888 was a popular "mandate" to Congress to pass substantially that bill; and in turn the result of the election of 1890 was declared with the same positiveness to be a popular mandate to repeal it. But what were the real leadership and disposition of the successful party, however vociferously alleged to be this or that, could not be known until Congress met.

We observe that the Boston *Herald*, a sagacious commentator upon politics, says that the Democratic party can win next year "if the breach in it is mended forthwith." What breach? Is the defeat of Mr. MILLS as Speaker evidence of a breach? A party is known by its representatives. A majority of those representatives in the House have defeated Mr. MILLS. Is that a breach? Does the minority stand for the party? If Mr. MILLS had been elected Speaker would there have been no breach? Who makes the breach? If the majority of the Democratic Convention next year should not make tariff reform the sole or permanent issue, and if Mr. CLEVELAND should not be the candidate, would there be a breach—that is to say, a bolt? Would the minority secede from the party? Can it be reasonably held that the majority misrepresents the party? In 1884, at the Republican Convention, when it was urged upon doubting delegates that the candidate really represented the will of the party, the reply was very prompt: "That is the worst of it." If it be reasonable to hold that Messrs. QUAY, ELKINS, DUDLEY, and PLATT really represent the Republican party, is it unreasonable to hold that Messrs. HILL, GORMAN, CRISP, and the leaders of Tammany Hall really represent the Democratic party?

A HINT FOR BALLOT REFORM.

As the friends of ballot reform in the Legislature of New York will probably propose to amend the law to make it more effectual for its purpose, the suggestion of Mr. HORACE E. DEMING, to which we have hitherto alluded, should be carefully considered. His suggestion is that the official ballot should not be so printed as to place any candidate either at an advantage or a disadvantage with his competitors for the same office. But it is an advantage for every candidate to appear in a party column rather than as an independent candidate for one of the offices, because it is easier to make a single mark for a whole ticket than to mark every candidate but one upon a ticket in order to vote for the independent candidate in another column.

This is an obvious discrimination against a name standing singly as a candidate, and the object of the party ticket is to make discrimination and independence in voting more difficult than to vote the whole party list by a single mark. Mr. W. H. WYMAN, in the Omaha *World-Herald*, in discussing the same point, remarks that the controlling idea of the Australian system is the independence of the voter, and its privacy is designed to free him so far as practicable from party thraldom in voting, and to consider in voting the comparative merits of the candidates.

He would require marking every name preferred by the voter. His object is the same as that of Mr. DEMING, to prevent making mere partisan voting easier than independent voting. A little more time and care in voting would result in the election of better men. In all reforms that aim at greater honesty in political methods, the devices of the cunning hostility of dishonest politicians must be first exposed and overcome. Every such reform, from a registry of voters to a different system of voting, is denounced as complicated nonsense intended to deprive poor and ignorant voters of their votes. The fact is that it is intended to deprive crafty and dishonest demagogues of the opportunity to bleed the candidates and cheat the people.

PERSONAL.

THERE is a scar on Governor HILL'S neck that will recall to him to his dying day the narrow escape he had from assassination when he was a young lawyer but recently admitted to the bar. He was counsel for a woman named MINIER, who had brought suit against her husband to replevin some furniture, and at the announcement of the verdict the enraged defendant drew his pocket-knife and plunged the blade into the young attorney's neck. The knife just missed the jugular vein, and the resulting wound, though painful, was not serious.

—The early career of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was a disappointment to his family, who expected that the great talent he displayed in his youth would win him distinction in the law, for which he was trained. When, after his university course, he developed a vein of bohemianism and a fondness for literature, it was a blow to his straight-laced Presbyterian father, whose ideas of authors were fashioned from the old Grub Street type. Mr. STEVENSON'S unconventionality of life gave pain to his mother, but the fame that marked him in later years has reconciled her to the eccentricities of his genius, and she lives now with him in his Samoan retreat, wearing her prim black silk dress and widow's cap through all the torrid days of the South Sea climate.

—The tenor JEAN DE RESZKE makes use of no precautions to preserve his fine voice from harm. He drinks and smokes as his fancy leads him, goes out into the night air without a muffler about his throat, and in other ways shows himself singularly careless of his precious larynx. The noted singer, though an epicure and fond of the good things of life, is an athlete of some distinction. He rides, shoots, and fences, and possesses an active and muscular physique.

—The *Northwestern Miller*, a trade journal, has undertaken to collect a ship-load of flour to be sent to the starving peasants of Russia as a gift from the millers of the United States, and has so far collected from the millers of Minneapolis alone enough flour to fill sixteen freight-cars. The Russian government has agreed to furnish the ship and to distribute the flour. Millers all over the country are asked to contribute.

—Lord HARTINGTON, who is the new Duke of Devonshire, has sat in Parliament since 1857, and has in that time served his Queen and country as Secretary for War, Postmaster-General, Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary for India, but his succession to the dukedom will probably prevent his ever becoming Prime Minister.

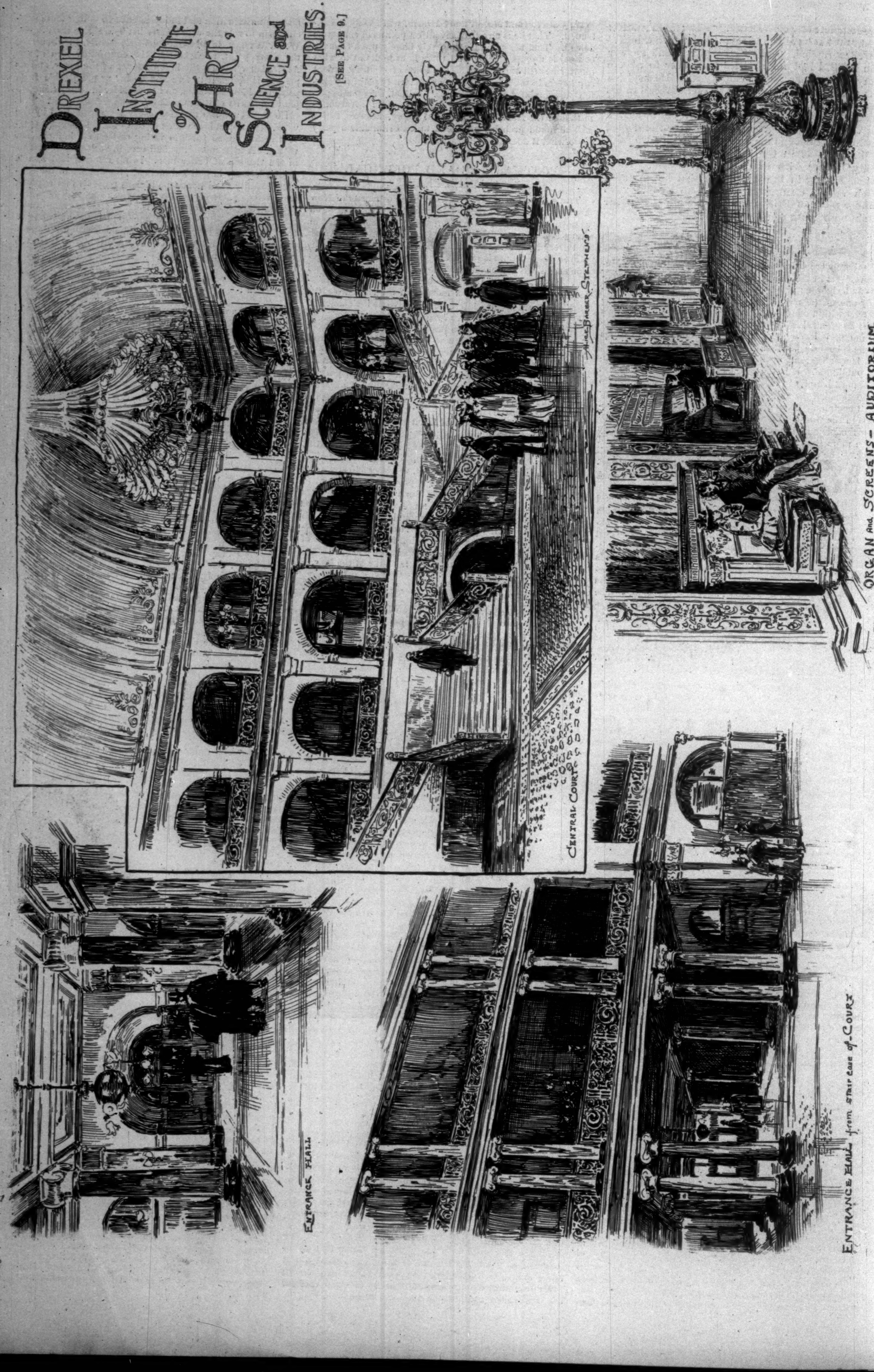
—It is a fact well known to physicians that the very aged shrink in stature, and it is easy to credit the report that Mr. GLADSTONE is nearly two inches shorter than he was when in middle life. But, on account of his erectness and dignity of carriage, he seems taller than he is. His head is said to have increased in size of recent years, so that he is obliged now to wear a larger hat than he used to wear. One reason of the Grand Old Man's continued ruggedness of mind and body is, doubtless, his enviable faculty of being always able to sleep. Only once in his long career, it is said, has he worried himself into sleeplessness, and that was when the whole civilized world was discussing GORDON'S fate.

—The length of the "waiting" list at some of the best clubs in New York often results in the nomination for membership of a boy who is still at school, and who is expected to be able to find a vacancy by the time his coming of age makes him eligible. But the earliest nomination yet recorded is that of the son of EDWARD FALES COWARD, the popular and best known of the amateur actors of New York, whose first-born was put up by his father's friends at the Amateur Comedy Club last week when he was only *six hours* old, and still unnamed.

—STEPHEN B. ELKINS, the new Secretary of War, has in Randolph County, West Virginia, a palatial home that is described as "one of the finest country residences in the South." It stands on a hill commanding an unobstructed view of the surrounding country, and is not unlike a mediæval castle, while, with its ninety rooms, it is large enough for a hotel. The winters Mr. ELKINS passes in New York, where his house is noted for its valuable library. For though the Secretary has not the popular reputation of being a man of scholarly tastes, he is fond of rare books. He also possesses Mr. BLAINE'S accomplishment of never forgetting a name or face and the incidents associated with it.

Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industries.

[See Page 9.]



Central Court

Organ and Screens—Auditorium

Entrance Hall

Entrance Hall from stair case of Court

THE SIGN OF SAGITTARIUS.

BY LIEUTENANT J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, U. S. N.

I.

I HAD kept about the decks all the morning, watching the storm clouds driving smokily down the gale-blown fairway of the blustering trades. The day was December the 15th, the season the early summer of the Southern seas.

The ship still rolled deeply, but without the vicious eagerness of the day before, for the sea was smoothing, and foam wisps fluttered at its edges in the sunlight drifting between the scattered ruck of scud. Patches of watery blue broidered the upper skies and deepened to windward, and in the northern board clear-weather clouds were shepherded by the gentler breezes following.

Our spirits had risen with the glass and brightened with the sun; and the men pulled and hauled noisily and laughingly about the wet decks, singing cheery chanties as they loosed and mastheaded the upper sails.

"A good run for us now," said Captain Grosvenor—"a good run, straight to the line and over. The sea is going down, the wind steadies handsomely, and you can feel the barkey reeling off every knot the wind allows. To-morrow noon, bar accident, we'll lift the ragged hill-tops of Nomuka, and, worse luck for me! you'll leave me there."

The sense of parting aroused by his regrets stung bitterly, for Nomuka was a northern spur of the Tonga Islands, and the last place where a sane man, comfortably cabined on board a homeward-bounder, should care to go. But my quest was as potent as it was unusual, for here was I, free, white, and twenty-one, maundering among the coral-shotten reefs and barriers of the South Seas in search of a man I had never known. A baker's dozen of times I had heard of him on the mainland, but though I had skirted half the Australian coast, and made long drifts into its barrens and outposts, I had missed him always. So, just as my allotted year of inquiry was in the thick and middle of its last quarter, sheer chance picked up for me the most promising clew of all.

It came about this way:

In all the ports where news brought me it was my custom to board every ship trading or touching among the islands, for within those vague limits the chosen liberties of the lost one were narrowed. Upon the morning when the luck fell out of the sky, the mail-boat *Thakombau*, of the Intercolonial-Polynesian Line, dropped her mud-hook in Sydney Harbor. As she was the latest ship to take the mails off Tutuila, in Samoa, I went out to her in a clumsy, scurvily handled small boat. Just as we bumped and scraped into the lee gangway, a very boozy steerage passenger tumbled on to the fore-sheets, and ordered my lubber of a boatman, under dreadful penalties, to land him.

It is a wise sea philosophy never to quarrel with a drunken sailor afloat in a cockle-shell, so I jumped to the grating, and told the man to take his piratical passenger to the beach and to return for me. The shot and reckoning were to be mine. At this the sailor-man lifted his arm to wave me a maudlin thanks, and I saw he was tattooed island fashion. At once I asked him, straight from the shoulder, if he had ever met up his way a man named Hildreth.

"Hildreth? What 'ere Hildreth? Not Bill Hildreth—Cap Hildreth of the schooner *Savaii?* Well, if it's him, you can bet your last sou-marquee, and go broke for the rest of your life, I know him. I know him like a man and a brother."

I lowered myself into the stern-sheets, and ordered the boatman to pull at once for the landing-place. I plied my new-found ally with many questions; but though he was quite drunk and very garrulous, and lipped constantly of his "old side pardner Bill Hildreth," he told me little to the purpose.

An hour later he was sobered somewhat, and when he had stowed me away in the dark recesses of a den—parlor, bar, and office of the sailors' home he loved best in Sydney—he said:

"Why, Bill Hildreth is the smartest trader in all the groups next to me, though not the best known, which I be, Benjamin Jackson, A.B., true-born Briton, at your sarvice. And it isn't a month gone since I took a Liverpool light out of his pipe, though, d—— it all, he'd 'a' given me the pipe too if I'd arsked him. It isn't a month gone, matey, since I left him in Apia as sober as a lord bishop, and catted and fished, as he told me, for his last v'yage along the bloomin' reefs." He drained the blue-ruin stings to the dregs, thumbed clumsily a twist of nigger-head into his pipe, and hove ahead with the yarn. "Where'll you find him? Let's see. Say Nomuka in the highlands of Tonga. If not there, have a whack at Tongatabu, old Tui Mafuu's holy compound; if he's cut his stick there, you can bet upon Apia every time. They do say he's got a Samoan wife and a cabin full of the prettiest custard-colored kids out Mataafela way; though, mind you, I don't swear to that, my word for it. But what I do swear to, bell, book, and candle, as the chaplains say, is try Tonga first, and then wait at Apia, for it's his rundevoo."

"How can I get there at once?" I asked.

"Why, arsk the landlord here—Cut-ear Jake, we call him. The Frisco Vigilantes did that pretty job to beautify his mug. He knows every ship that's lading."

That same night I engaged my berth—the only passenger, as it proved to be—on board the American clipper-ship *Marjorie*, and the next morning we were in the open, heading well to the northward. The *Marjorie* was deep-laden, and bound for San Francisco, but as she had a contract to leave stores for our navy at Tutuila, I made arrangements to be landed at Nomuka. This was six hundred miles and more to the southward of our first point of call, but as it was straight in the ship's track, it would neither be a diversion of the voyage nor a delay.

The fourth or fifth day out I told the captain my story, and I know he became interested in my success, though he felt he would like to kick Bill Hildreth around the longest block in Boston town for his lack of heart and brain. These were my feelings to a dot, not that the fugitive was a criminal, a proper subject of police inquiry. Oh no; the business was simpler than that.

He had run away from home years ago. I think some old love-affair was at the bottom of it all, but search as his mother and sister had, half the world over, he had never turned up. They had heard of him in China, in Europe, in South America, and to all these countries they had gone, remaining, usually, at some central point from which inquiries could be directed. The State Department took it up, and few were the consular officers that did not know of the Hildreth mystery; nor a naval officer who some time in his cruises had not kept a sharp lookout for the missing American. The pathetic search of the mother and sister awoke a responsive echo in many hearts the wide, wide world around, and in the end news came from the captain of a man-o'-war that Hildreth had, within a year, been seen in New Zealand.

When Mary Hildreth promised to marry me after a brisk but an overlong wooing, she said that a year must first be given to the inquiry in Southern waters. So to Frisco we went; but, sturdy and experienced as their world-around roaming had made them, the last excitement was too much; they were both prostrated with a low nervous fever, and in the end the search fell to me.

I thought over all these matters rather dolefully, it must be confessed, that December night, and I know the prospect of landing on Nomuka the next day did not make me love Bill Hildreth as a man and a brother should. The ship seemed more like home than ever, and the glories of the night lured me into dreams of peace and hope and accomplishment. The great stars shot out of the blue with quivering points of fire, the loyal breeze sang sturdily in the rigging and the gear, and from the fo'ks'le drifted the crooning melody of a favorite sea ditty, filled with ornamental quaverings a hundred fathoms deep and long.

When eight bells chimed musically, Grosvenor, who had been wooing a sulking pipe to leeward, said, "Well, Maitland, nothing like a good conscience, except plenty of sea-

room, fair weather, and the bulliest breezes blowing the way you want them."

He was a cheery man, ruddy, strong, alert, and apparently with no more nerves, no more sense of fear in the presence of danger, than a sirloin of beef might have. He was superbly equipped for his life work mentally, physically, professionally. "We are making a straight wake," he said, joyously; "for the Frisco girls, God bless them! have hold of our tow-line. So let us have a look at the chart, a peg of Scotch whiskey and soda—a royal tipple that—and then I will tackle you at euchre until the sand-man comes."

We sauntered idly towards the cabin, silently blessing the glories of the night, and tired with a sweet weariness of toil that promised a peaceful sleep after the rolling and thumping and discomfort of the last seventy hours. An unusual quiet seemed at the moment to mantle the glistening decks. The song had ceased forward, and the mate, peering to windward, had stopped his regular dog-trot—six steps to windward and return—on the planks above. The shadowy forms of the watch grouped beneath the weather rail were half revealed in a cone of light gleaming from the galley door and wavering fitfully along the gangway and upon the bulwarks. The tapering spars swayed rhythmically—port and starboard, starboard and port—under the purple-blue dome throbbing with great star globes, and the loom of a rising moon silvered the eastern sky.

A quiet sea night indeed. From outboard I could hear the long waves parting arrow-wise at the shining forefoot and lapping thirstily the sides as they rushed aft to a foam-tumbled meeting in the wake; the music of the billows mated the lilting of the breeze in the hollows of the bellying topsails; and all—wind and wave and sky—made the preludes to happy dreams. A restful night it was, and I turned hopefully towards the light and welcome streaming from the cabin door.

But at that instant the scene changed, and a spell not of this world possessed everything unresistingly. Grosvenor stood at the threshold motionless; his head was thrust forward, his eyes were wild, dilated; his right arm was outstretched half inquiringly, half as if warding a danger; and strange noises gurgled in his throat as, with an effort, he muttered:

"Maitland! Maitland! What is that? There! At the cabin table?"

I looked over his shoulder wonderingly, and under the swaying circle of the hanging lamp I saw standing, but not upright, the figure of a woman dressed in modern garb. Not a faint undefined outline born of fancy and the mist of dreams, but a woman rounded and full. Her face was turned from us; her left hand rested upon the table, the right hand pressed with the knuckles and first joints undermost upon an ocean chart spread upon the table. I could see the dreadful intensity of the grip, for the hand was clinched until the nails must have pierced the palm, until the knuckles must have dented the paper. She appeared to be shaken by some strong emotion, and noiselessly, though piteously, to be venting a great sorrow. The head was bent as if the hidden eyes sought burningly to decipher the mysteries of the sea map, changing for her—from white to gray, from gray to silver—as she waited tearless under the vibrating circle of the light, rocking with the sea. We halted, not daring to enter, unnerved, unmanned, and helpless, faltering with dread before the mystery.

Then, with abrupt directness, the cry of "Light, ho!" rang clear from forward, and the ship awoke with sudden life. The men jumped to the catheads, lined the weather rail; the mate mounted a ratline or two of the rigging; and, in the starlight, I could see the lookout facing to the eastward, and giving the bearings of the light he had reported. In that moment, too, the figure vanished, not by slow degrees, but instantly, like the flash that is and is not.

Grosvenor dashed into the cabin, and I leaned for support against the nearest bulwarks, for I was powerless to act, even to think, as my share in this gruesome mystery was greater than his could be. By poise of head and the old familiar twist to the hair, by turn of neck and curve and breadth of shoulder and bosom, by every line which identifies those we know the best, I saw revealed in the vision the figure of Mary Hildreth, of my dear love, who was thousands and thousands of miles away over the waste of waters to the northward.

II.

"Here, man, brace up; steward, bring some brandy," I heard Grosvenor say, as I recovered dazedly from the shock.

I bolted the tot of cognac, and, bracing up, entered the cabin. The captain took his place, but not at the side where the apparition, spook, illusion, whatever it was, had stood. Nothing was disturbed. The simple instruments for chart-work, the parallel ruler, the brass dividers, the hand magnifying-glass, the India-rubber, the opened Bowditch—its leaves fluttering in the wind—the sailing directions, were ranged with customary precision. Upon the general chart of the South Pacific Ocean rested the local sheet, whereon in a much larger scale were shown the eastern islands of Polynesia. The captain gazed straight before him, apparently oblivious of everything. His face was pale; its lines were tense; his eyes were wide open and glared unnaturally; the flanks of his nostrils quivered, and his mouth was set and drawn.

The mate stood at the door and said, "Captain, the lookout reported a light to the eastward, but as he could not make it out, I think he must have been mistaken."

Grosvenor nodded his head slowly.

Then the mate added, "It is clouding a bit to windward, but nothing to harm, I believe." And, hesitating, surprised by the captain's appearance, he continued, "Anything wrong, sir?"

This filliped the captain into the attention of discipline, and he said, hastily: "Oh, nothing! That is, nothing of any importance concerning the ship. Keep a sharp lookout, Mr. Campbell, and if the weather changes, call me. By-the-way, will you be good enough to work up the run since noon?"

When the mate left us, Grosvenor said:

"Maitland, how do you explain all this? What did you see? What, in Heaven's name, was the illusion—the apparition? What—" He paused, as if eagerly awaiting my answer.

"I have no explanation," I answered. "I saw the figure of a woman as plainly and distinctly as I see you now." I thought it best to say nothing more. I could not in this uncanny mystery intrude the name of my affianced wife; but as Grosvenor seemed to desire further confirmation, I repeated, "I saw the figure of a woman—full, rounded—as distinctly as if she were alive."

He nodded his head, and said: "Yes; and I saw the figure of a woman. She clutched the table on that side, and bent over the chart?"—this inquiringly. As I assented, he continued; "There can be no doubt of that, whatever the mystery or trick may be below it all. It was a woman as sure as I am born of one."

The mate brought in the course and distance run, and the captain opened the Bowditch, and worked out mechanically the difference of latitude and longitude since noon. He pulled the sheets to his side of the table, and plotted on the general chart the ship's position at 8 P.M. Next he took up the local chart and marked the same point. This was new, and as he examined the distance of the ship from the nearest islands and her relation to the neighboring reefs and vigias, I saw a different expression steal over his face.

He twisted and turned the printed paper, and finally examined it intently with the magnifying-glass. He lighted his pipe, puffed meditatively for a minute or more, and called me to his side. Pointing out a place to the southward of our own position that evening, he showed me a series of indentations—not cuts, but deep impressions—such as might be made under pressure. At the first glance the centre marks looked like the plan view of an old-fashioned wooden-stocked anchor, the flukes directed towards the lower end of the chart, the shank cockbilled; but a more careful examination proved the centre indentation to be an arrow with an exaggerated bow, and the other marks flanking it to be a rudely shaped M and an exaggerated figure 8.

The size and impressions were roughly these:

The die was the labored product of an unskilled art, and bore a curious resemblance to the quaint scrimshawings merchant sailors carve upon whales' teeth and marrow-bones.

Finally the captain said: "These marks were not upon this chart this afternoon, as I examined it carefully to find if a reported danger off Torgatabu still existed. Whatever they may be and how they came is something we probably will never know, but it is surely very strange. As you say, they resemble an anchor or an arrow, but as you take them together, they look to me more like three of the signs of the zodiac. However, I have an old almanac, and we can compare them."

When this was produced, we saw at once the likeness to the three signs, Scorpio and Capricornus being upon the sides and Sagittarius in the centre.

I suppose when a man's nerves are strained until they are stretched to the breaking-point, the mind works independently of regular rules, and in hot obedience to the forces attacking it; for I know at this I established immediately a relation between the vision and these strange facts which was as irresistible in its demands as it was impossible in its logic. I remembered Mary Hildreth wore upon the third finger of her right hand a zodiacal ring, one of two brought by her father years before from the grain coast of West Africa. The natives wear them as amulets, the misty traditions of the Mandingoes preserving the signs of the zodiac and a few simple geometrical figures inherited from the Arabic civilization of their forebears as devil-guarders in their mumbo-jumbo, fetich worship. The ring was made of soft gold, so soft that its shape was often distorted. The signs, soldered upon a central band, were sharply cut in high relief, and the edges had no milling, as coiners call the fillets employed to protect the upraised devices. It was an odd ring twenty years ago, though far from rare in these days. Her amulet she had guarded carefully; the other, given to her brother, had undoubtedly been lost, stolen, or sold in his wanderings.

As I traced the arrow tip in the direction of its flight upon the chart, I saw it rested in open water, which carried an unvexed channel. I marked the place carefully, and asked the captain for its nautical position. He measured the point with the dividers, and said:

"The tip of Sagittarius is in { *Longitude*, 170 *degrees* 45 *minutes, west.* *Latitude*, 22 *degrees* 30 *minutes, south.*"

He wrote these figures upon his rough working-paper pad, and added, "This is distant from our position at eight o'clock to-night—er—um—let me see"—and transferring the open dividers to the scale—"the distance is about seventy miles, nearly due south."

I spoke impassionedly, eagerly, unthinkingly, "Then, in God's name, let us go south seventy miles, if only for a night!"

The captain looked up quickly, and without the least hesitation, replied: "Go south seventy miles? Why not? It was the very thought I had in mind."

At this time we were heading north, with the wind about east. Every stitch of canvas was pulling its pound's worth, and our speed, with the breeze upon the starboard beam, was rather over than under ten knots. To head south brought the wind fairly abeam on the port tack, and if it held, we ought to run down our projected course and distance to the arrow tip by daylight.

What further intentions the captain had, I did not know.

When we reached the deck, Grosvenor said, calmly but decisively, "Mr. Campbell, wear ship, and let her go south."

"Wear ship," repeated Campbell—"wear ship, did you say, sir? Ay, ay, sir!" And beyond this, the strange order evoked no other sign of surprise.

The ship was brought about, and as everything was tautened on the new course, two bells—nine o'clock—struck sonorously. The captain ordered the watch aft, and when they had assembled upon the quarter-deck, he said:

"My lads, I intend running south for the night, perhaps longer. I want a bright lookout kept, and, above all, silence. It may be a reef, a vessel, a boat, I am looking for, but bright eyes and sharp ears and a steady search will be needed. I know I can depend upon you, so remember, a bright lookout and silence."

It was a weary, an unnerving vigil. A three-quarter moon drifted into the sky and silvered the sea, and its shimmering triangle of glory deepened the darkness on either side. The weather horizon was blue-black with the strength of the brisk wind, and piled-up trade clouds blew fleecily and gently to the westward as if these tropical waters were never vexed by stress of storm. The *Marjorie* leaned saucily to leeward, riding the breasting seas as gracefully as a summer bird soaring in the evening sky, and as she rose gallantly on the wave crests, she would have shamed the harbor gulls preening themselves in a tideway. The weather leeches of the topsails trembled musically in the windward roll, and as her shining length slipped over the billows, she took into the shadow of her canvas the radiance of the moonlit skies.

When the star-bowlines came on deck at midnight, without the usual row and riot of watch-calling, they looked about wonderingly; but, warned by their shipmates, they took their places at the rail, and cheered by glowing pipes, peered with trained eyes over the circling waters.

The long night dragged sadly morningward. The ship held her promised speed, and at last the gray dawn broke low and clear. The eastern board glowed faintly, the ashen light slipped tremulously over the sea, the stars paled, and the wind's breath was balmy with the cooling freshness of daybreak. The water held in its hollows points of flickering light; the sea line and the sky base drew apart, the waters pearling into silver, and the clouds lifting a rose flush that merged softly into the opalescence of the dome. On the upper topsail-yard the figure of a lookout was silhouetted against the gleaming arch; his pose of alert attention drew every eye; then we saw him raise a hand to focus his gaze, and as the first shafts of sunlight radiated from the emerging disk, he cried out, in the rippling cadence of the sailor's view hallou:

"Sail ho! Sail ho! Close aboard!"

Every man of us sprang to the rails or into the rigging.

"Where away?" was the quick challenge from the deck.

"On the weather bow, sir. It looks like a raft with a sail set. Not two ships' length away, sir. There, just forward of the beam, sir. . . . and with men on board."

The *Marjorie* swung into the wind with her main-topsail to the mast, and as she forged ahead slightly, we saw, not a cable's length distant, a mass of wreckage, loosely lashed, and drifting to leeward under jurymast and sail. The boat was lowered, the raft picked up and towed to leeward, and when it came under the quarter, the captain hailed the first officer:

"Boat ahoy! What have you?"

"A raft with three people, sir; but all senseless or dead."

Tender hands cut the lashings binding these derelicts to the rough timbers, and lifted them into the rope slings lowered from the yard; and tenderly they were hoisted over the side and stretched upon the deck.

Two were natives of Samoa—their tattooing showed that—and the other was a white man, but so bronzed and bearded as to be beyond the telling of his nationality. The natives were dead—dead of thirst and hunger and wet battering seas—but as the captain raised his head from the white man's chest he said: "This one is just treading water; the heart is beating; there's a thread of pulse; he may have a chance. Carry him into the cabin."

We stripped and stretched the limp figure upon the table, and applied vigorously the simple restoratives of our medicine chest; and, after a while, a faint motion of the lips, a tremor of the eyelids, showed that a spark of life was flickering in the socket. The chest, blue and yellow and red with tattoo marks, heaved gently, and the arms, fantastic with the rude picturing of native and fok's'le handicraft, moved nervously. We lifted him carefully, and laid him upon the bed of a spare state-room; then he muttered something incoherently—half ship lingo and half native palaver—opened his eyes for a moment, turned his face inboard, and fell into a noisy raucous sleep.

When I went on deck the day was clear and splendid. The raft had been cast adrift, and was rising and falling upon the waves astern. Its sail—three cotton shirts herring-boned with treble-twisted yarns from woollen socks—lay against the pin-rail; and near it was the piteous freight of the craft, an empty biscuit-box, and a water-breaker, drained to the dregs. The ship was brought into the wind again—for we had headed north—and the dead, sewed up in shotted hammocks, were lowered into the sea.

Late in the afternoon, when I entered the sleeping sailor's state-room, a pathetic smile of peace and rest lighted his face, and his left hand, freed from the blanket, hung over the bunk-board. As I lifted it gently, I saw upon its little finger a grime-filled zodiacal ring, out of which gleamed, brightly and alone, the sign of Sagittarius turned upward.

I did not land in Nomuka the next day, for when the rescued sailor drifted into his senses out of the back of beyond, my quest was useless.

We had picked up Bill Hildreth.

ANTHONY JOSEPH DREXEL.

When Francis Martin Drexel, the young portrait-painter from the Austrian Tyrol, came to America in 1817, at the age of twenty-five, he probably had no notion whatever that he was destined to do anything else than practise the art to which he had been trained. And for twenty years painting was his only business. He made portraits wherever he could find sitters, and even went so far as Chili and Peru in the practice of his profession. From this long journey he returned to his home in Philadelphia, and concluded to give up painting, and start a bank with the little capital he had saved from his earnings. It is likely that he had brought back from South America more money than he had been accustomed to have, as he had had among his sitters many of the great men, including General Simon Bolivar. But notwithstanding these fees, Mr. Drexel's friends in Philadelphia thought that he was very unwise to go into the banking business with such inadequate capital and with no business experience. However, a little office was opened in 1837 in Third Street in Philadelphia, and the now great firm of Drexel & Co. began its career. The business at first was naturally very small, and the son of the head of the firm, while waiting on customers, was in the habit of eating his cold dinner from a basket under the counter. When he was thirteen years old, and four years after the banking business had been established, Mr. Anthony Joseph Drexel, the present head of the firm, was taken into the service of the bank. This institution grew apace, as the founder of the house soon became well known for his irreproachable integrity. Long before he died, in 1863, he had become a millionaire, a distinction which not many men in America had achieved thirty years ago. When he died, the present head of the house took charge of affairs. He had inherited his father's money-making faculties, and under his management the once modest institution has grown to immense proportions. Besides the parent house in Philadelphia, there are now collateral or branch houses in the other great money centres—Drexel, Morgan, & Co., in New York; Drexel, Harjes, & Co., in Paris; and J. S. Morgan & Co., in London. These great firms do a very large proportion of the international banking, and there are few great business undertakings in which their co-operation is not sought. From his father Mr. Drexel also inherited artistic instincts, and he has for a long while been a most discriminating collector of paintings. But, as was the case also with his brother, the late Joseph W. Drexel, his chief pleasure has always been derived from music, of which he is passionately fond. He has always acted as though his great wealth conferred certain obligations upon him, and he has been prominent as a contributor to those philanthropic schemes which to him seemed wise in their scope. His most intimate friend for many years has been Mr. George W. Childs, with whom he is interested in many other charities. Their intimacy, indeed, is so close that it almost seems sentimental in its nature.

THE REVENUE-CUTTERS AT WORK.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"No foreign vessel can possibly reach a wharf in the port of New York without having a customs officer on board."

This is the assertion of one of the principal revenue officers of the port; and the assertion is borne out by the fact that no foreign vessel ever does arrive here without being boarded in the bay by officers of the customs service. In a harbor as large and busy as the harbor of New York, where sometimes 135 foreign steam-vessels arrive in a single week, besides a large number of foreign sailing vessels, this result could be accomplished only by the vigilant carrying out of a well-designed system. The revenue system in use in New York Harbor is as thorough as any revenue system in the world; and that the revenue laws will be enforced strictly, but not onerously, is so well understood by all ship-masters that no foreign vessel makes an attempt to enter without going through the regular course.

The existence of revenue-cutters in New York Harbor is a familiar and sometimes an unpleasant fact to passengers arriving in foreign vessels. The little cutter, bearing at her stern the revenue flag with stripes running the wrong way, carries to the incoming ship the revenue officers, who are privileged to make many unpleasant inquiries, and often some undesirable examinations. How this cutter manages to arrive always at the proper moment, and how it happens that she has always on board just the right number of inspectors to take the passengers' depositions comfortably before the pier is reached, are things that do not appear upon the surface. In the anxiety to get baggage through safely and quickly, few passengers take the trouble to inquire where the revenue officers come from or where they go to. The fact of their existence is sufficient for the moment.

The executive part of this Custom-house work is done entirely through the revenue-cutters that are permanently stationed in New York Harbor. Any morning at sunrise, or any evening at about sunset, three of these cutters may be found lying in their berths adjoining the Barge Office; and sometimes a fourth is there, a little larger than the others, and better adapted for sea service. The revenue-cutter service is an arm of the Treasury Department, under the immediate control of the revenue marine division, of which L. G. Sheperd, stationed in Washington, is the chief officer. The revenue-cutter fleet comprises thirty-six vessels, all propelled by steam except one, ten of which are stationed in the principal harbors for custom-house work. The one sailing vessel is the bark-rigged school-ship *S. P. Chase*, stationed at New Bedford. They are all in a sense war vessels, each carrying from one to four guns, and enough small arms to supply the crew; but in this harbor the arms are seldom used.

Three of these cutters remain constantly in New York Harbor; but the fourth, the first-rate revenue-cruiser *U. S. Grant*, patrols the coast to give assistance to distressed vessels. She is now under winter cruising orders, and her cruising-ground is from Newport to the Delaware Breakwater. She is a welcome visitor always to the commander whose ship is in trouble, for she has appliances for giving assistance in almost every possible difficulty, and her services are given without compensation. There is no question of salvage when assistance comes from a revenue-cutter.

The three cutters that make no longer voyages than to Sandy Hook or the light-ships are the third-rate propellers *Manhattan*, *P. G. Washington*, and *Wm. E. Chandler*. Initials to boats' names are not in favor with revenue officers, and they are invariably dropped except in official papers. The special business of the *Manhattan* is the enforcement of the anchorage laws in New York Harbor, and the *Washington* and *Chandler* are given over entirely to the boarding of incoming vessels, one doing the whole of that work each alternate week. In cases of emergency, however, the revenue-cutters, all being subject to the orders of the Treasury Department, may all be sent upon other missions connected with the revenue; and these other duties are manifold, including the assistance of vessels in distress, protection of wrecked property, enforcement of the neutrality and quarantine laws, the suppressing of mutinies, and the reporting of any disarrangement of buoys or light-ships.

For the cutters assigned to boarding duty in New York Harbor the hardest work comes at the opening of the day. Except in those very unusual cases when a strong adverse gale or a heavy fog prevents vessels from entering the bay, there is always a little fleet waiting at Quarantine for examination in the morning. These are the vessels that have arrived through the night—for in this well-lighted harbor vessels can run up to Quarantine as safely by night as by day. Most of them would willingly encounter whatever risk there might be in running all the way up to the city; but the law compels them to lie off the Quarantine station till the Health Officer boards them, which he will not do before sunrise.

If it is the *Washington* that is on duty (and it is the same in the case of the *Chandler*), her crew are all on board before sunrise, steam is up, and she is ready for her morning trip. There are also on board one of the boarding officers of the port, and as many Custom-house inspectors as may be necessary—sometimes only three or four, sometimes fifteen or twenty. There is no guess-work about the number of inspectors taken along. Most of the European vessels are reported by telegraph from Fire Island, and the West Indian and Mediterranean vessels from the Atlantic Highlands and Sandy Hook. They are reported again when they reach Quarantine, and all the reports go direct to the Barge Office. By this system the boarding officer knows before the cutter goes out of her slip how much work he may expect. Two or three of the big passenger steamers require as many inspectors as a small fleet of freighters; and whatever the requirements may be, enough inspectors are taken along.

The commander of the revenue-cutter has nothing to do in general with the detail of boarding the vessels. His province is to take the cutter alongside the incoming ship, and the rest remains with the boarding officer. Even in the navigation of the cutter the commander takes little part. The captain is a person apart, a man to be looked upon with awe by everybody aboard, who must be saluted whenever encountered, and whose chief duty while all goes well is, as the younger officers express it, "to sit in the cabin and look handsome." He is as great a personage on the cutter as the man-of-war captain is aboard his ship, and his word is law. But the moment that anything goes wrong it is the captain who must set it right again.

The cutter steams down the upper bay, and runs up beside the first foreign vessel she encounters. This vessel will be under way, for in this respect Quarantine rules and Custom-house rules differ. The incoming vessel must stop at Quarantine, and wait until she has been boarded by the Health Officer; but once freed by the Health Officer, she is at liberty to continue her journey to the city, and the Custom-house boat will meet her on the way. The vessel throws out a line, which is seized by the cutter's deck hands, and in a moment the cutter is made fast alongside. A long ladder is run up from the cutter's deck to the steamship's rail, and up this the boarding officer springs as nimbly as a cat while both vessels are in motion.

The boarding officer's visit to the vessel is usually brief. The ship's papers are ready, and are handed to him; he finds that she has been given pratique by the health officers, makes a few inquiries about passengers and cargo, and he is gone. His place is immediately taken, however, by as many inspectors as he finds it necessary to send, and as soon as they are on board, the cutter casts off the lines and goes on to the next ship. At least one of the inspectors thus sent to the foreign ship remains on her as long as she stays in port.

If the boarding officer should have any difficulty with the incoming ship—if, for instance, her papers should be incomplete, or she should have been refused pratique by the health officers, and her commander should refuse to stop when ordered, then the boarding officer would call upon the commander of the cutter for assistance. Then, theoretically, the three or four little guns would be loaded, the rusty sabres that always hang in the officers' mess would be brought out, and the decks would be cleared for action. But this process is entirely theoretical, and is never necessary in fact. It would be such an act of madness, the revenue officers say, and would lead the commander of a foreign ship into such unnecessary trouble, to refuse to obey any Custom-house orders, that it is never attempted.

Sometimes twenty foreign steamships are boarded in this way on the cutter's morning trip. When all that are ready have been visited the little vessel returns to her slip at the Barge Office, to remain there until another foreigner is reported from Quarantine. The boarding officer takes all the ship's papers he has collected to the Barge Office, and thence they are forwarded to the Custom-house. There may be more calls for the cutter before the sunset gun puts an end to her day's work, and there may not. Whenever an incoming ship is reported, she sets out again for Quarantine, making no more fuss about her going off than a ferry-boat about to cross the river.

It is not difficult for any reputable citizen to obtain a pass from the Collector of the Port which will carry him down on one of the boarding cutters to meet an incoming vessel. In fact, it is much too easy, the revenue officers say, for all kinds of citizens to obtain these passes by representing that they desire to meet friends. It is within the power of the captain of a cutter to decline to honor one of the passes, though this is seldom done; but the number of persons to be taken on any trip is limited to ten or twelve. A royal road to successful smuggling, the customs officers assert, is thus opened. Any small article of value may easily be transferred by a passenger to his visiting friend, and as the holders of passes are not examined on landing, the goods may be taken ashore without difficulty. It is not because this might be done that the revenue officers complain of the practice, but because, as they say, it is done nearly every day by unscrupulous persons.

The *Manhattan's* work of superintending the anchorage-grounds, and preventing vessels from anchoring in navigable channels, gives more employment to her crew. She carries more deck hands than the other cutters in the harbor, and makes more frequent trips. It was found necessary a few years ago to mark out anchorage-grounds in different parts of the harbor for different classes of vessels, such as the North River anchorage for men-of-war, the East River anchorage for steam-yachts, the Bay Ridge anchorage for sailing yachts, and others for merchant vessels of various kinds. No vessels are permitted to anchor in the harbor except within these well-defined limits, which are plainly described in a pamphlet that is given to every ship-master who enters the port. The *Manhattan's* duty is to see that these Treasury Department rules are obeyed, to prevent vessels from anchoring in improper places, and to compel the removal of any such vessels.

These rules have become so well known to ship-masters that vessels now are rarely anchored in prohibited places. It is greatly to the advantage of all vessels to obey the rules, for if a vessel anchors outside the limits and any harm is done, the vessel out of place is held liable for the damages. Occasionally, however, some obstinate foreign captain who has not visited New York for a long time objects to being told where he must anchor, and so makes trouble for himself and expense for his owners.

The foreign sailing vessel that has come in from a long voyage, and whose captain and crew, after anchoring her in an improper place, have gone ashore and left her under the charge of a sailor who speaks no English, is the ship that gives the most work and the most amusement to the *Manhattan's* officers and crew. The cutter makes several trips about the harbor every day, and on each of these trips she goes to the buoys or other stationary objects that mark the corners of the anchorage-grounds. From these points it is easy to see in two directions whether any vessel is outside the line. Any vessel that is about to anchor without the line must be warned off, and one that has already anchored must be ordered to move. But foreign ships that are to discharge their cargoes here usually lose no time in paying off their crews when they arrive, thus saving the wages of a crew until they are ready to sail again. The officers, too, are in a hurry to reach shore after their long voyage, and thus it often happens that a foreign sailing ship is anchored in an improper place, and is totally deserted save for a foreign watchman ignorant of our language, before the cutter arrives.

In such a case the *Manhattan* steams up by the side of the foreigner, and finds her deck deserted. The cutter's commander is composing himself in his cabin, and the work is done by the lieutenant in charge of the deck.

"On board the *Princess Charlotte* there!" this officer shouts.

Two or three repetitions of this call generally bring the watchman wonderingly out of the cabin, where he has been napping.

"Is the captain on board?" the lieutenant asks.

The most obtuse foreign sailor can understand the word "captain," and the watchman points his thumb over his shoulder towards the city.

"Are you the only man on board?" he is asked. But this is beyond his comprehension.

The lieutenant puts a whistle to his lips and gives a shrill blast, and the watch on deck, consisting of six or eight men, come hurrying up. The cutter is quickly made fast to the foreigner, and the lieutenant and his men spring upon her deck without the aid of a ladder. At a word of command the men go to work at the windlass, the anchor is quickly hoisted, while the astonished watchman looks helplessly on. Sometimes he tries to interfere with what he must consider this high-handed proceeding, but then one or two of the cutter's men easily hold him back.

"All right," the lieutenant shouts to the cutter's pilot. The cutter begins to move, taking the foreign ship with her, and they proceed together until a suitable anchorage is reached, when the foreigner's anchor is dropped again, the officer and crew return to their boat, and the cutter steams away. The most amusing outcome of this performance cannot be enjoyed till late in the evening, when the *Manhattan* and her crew are not on the spot. This is the return of the captain of the foreign vessel to the place where he left her riding at anchor. His first night on shore is always a busy one, and he engages a Whitehall boatman to row him out to his ship, describing her whereabouts. But the ship is not there. Captains have spent whole nights in such fruitless searches for their ships, while the vessels were lying safely in some distant part of the harbor.

The officers of all these cutters are taken from the revenue marine service, and they have great hopes that the present Congress may attach that service to the Navy Department, thus giving them their corresponding rank in the navy. Whether the New York station is a desirable one for the officers or not is a question that hardly any two of them answer in the same way. The younger officers are always delighted at first with the opportunity to see something of New York life; but when they begin to tire of this, and they read accounts of other officers of the service chasing smugglers through the Everglades of Florida, or distinguishing themselves in sealing waters, they long for more active work. Among the older officers, those who are so situated that they can domicile their families in New York are usually well satisfied with the comparatively quiet and easy life, but those who are necessarily separated from their families chafe under the restraint.

Promotion in the revenue marine service is slow, and most of the officers of the cutters in New York Harbor have held their present rank for long periods. The commander of the *Chandler*, Captain A. D. Littlefield, was, until within a few weeks, senior lieutenant in the revenue marine service, but he has just been promoted to a captaincy. Captain Littlefield is said to be the only officer in the service who does not favor the proposed transfer to the Navy Department. Captain Charles F. Shoemaker, who commands the *Washington*, is one of the oldest, in point of service, of the revenue marine officers. He had a prominent part in the organization of the life-saving service, which is an outgrowth of the revenue marine. Captain J. W. Congdon commands the *Manhattan*, and the *Grant* is commanded by Captain L. N. Stodder. Pilot McMath, of the *Washington*, has been in the service for more than twenty-six years, and in that time he has not for a single day been absent from his post.

VISIONS.

I.

VISIONS come and go again,
Leaving in their airy train
Just a rhythm, soft and low,
Of their movement to and fro—
Something like an old refrain.

II.

'Tis the way with summer rain;
'Tis the way with joy and pain;
'Tis the way with all we ken
Of the lives of mortal men;
Just to come, then go again.

W. N. ROUNDY.

THE GOELET CUPS.

IN 1882 Captain Ogden Goelet offered two cups for an annual race between schooners and sloops, to be decided during the month of August, off Newport, and inaugurated an event that has from that day to this been the one of chiefest interest on the yacht-racing calendar. It has regularly brought together the cracks of the season, and more than any other race developed the highest speed of the contestants, from the fact that the yachts have already undergone a preliminary season of tuning up on the New York Yacht Club cruise, and in the several races from port to port.

The schooner cup, for the '91 race, just finished by the Whiting Manufacturing Company, which we present this week, is the handsomer of the two, and, indeed, considered the handsomest silver yacht trophy in existence. It is nearly two feet and a half in height, on an ebony base that adds another half foot. The bowl is seventeen inches in diameter, four and a quarter feet in circumference, and the largest ever made for such a piece of work. In general outline the cup is classical in character, while the most exquisite workmanship of the silversmith is seen in the etching, modelling, and oxidizing of the seven sea-horses that portray uniquely the history of the water race in their galloping around the bowl, and the mermaid who, from her vantage-ground, looks down on the mad careering of her companions of the mighty deep. The Goelet Cup races have, too, from year to year marked the rise and fall of yachting favorites, as a careful study of the following record of winners will show:

1882—Samuel R. Platt's schooner *Montauk* beat Charles J. Paine's *Halcyon*, while Prince and Whitely's cutter *Fanny* beat C. Smith Lee's cutter *Oriva*.

1883—Schooner *Montauk*, S. R. Platt, beat *Fortuna*, Henry Hovey, and sloop *Gracie*, Joseph Earle, beat J. Busk's *Mischief*.

1884—Schooner *Grayling*, L. A. Fish, beat *Varuna*, G. H. B. Hill; cutter *Bedouin*, Archibald Rogers, beat *Ileen*, E. M. Padelford.

1885—Schooner *Fortuna*, Henry H. Hovey, beat *Montauk*, J. E. Brooks; sloop *Puritan*, J. Malcolm Forbes, beat *Priscilla*, J. G. Bennett and W. P. Douglas.

1886—Schooner *Grayling*, L. A. Fish, beat *Montauk*, J. E. Brooks; sloop *Mayflower*, C. J. Paine, beat *Puritan*, J. Malcolm Forbes.

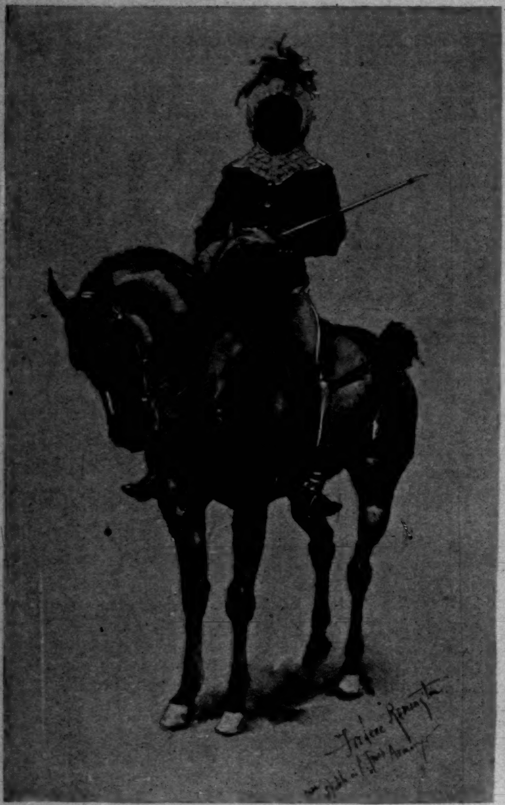
1887—Schooner *Sachem*, Jesse Metcalf and Charles D. Owen, beat *Iroquois*, T. J. Coolidge, Jun.; sloop *Volunteer*, C. J. Paine, beat *Mayflower*.

1888—Schooner *Sachem*, Metcalf and Owen, beat *Grayling*, L. A. Fish; sloop *Volunteer*, C. J. Paine, beat *Katrina*, Auchincloss Brothers.

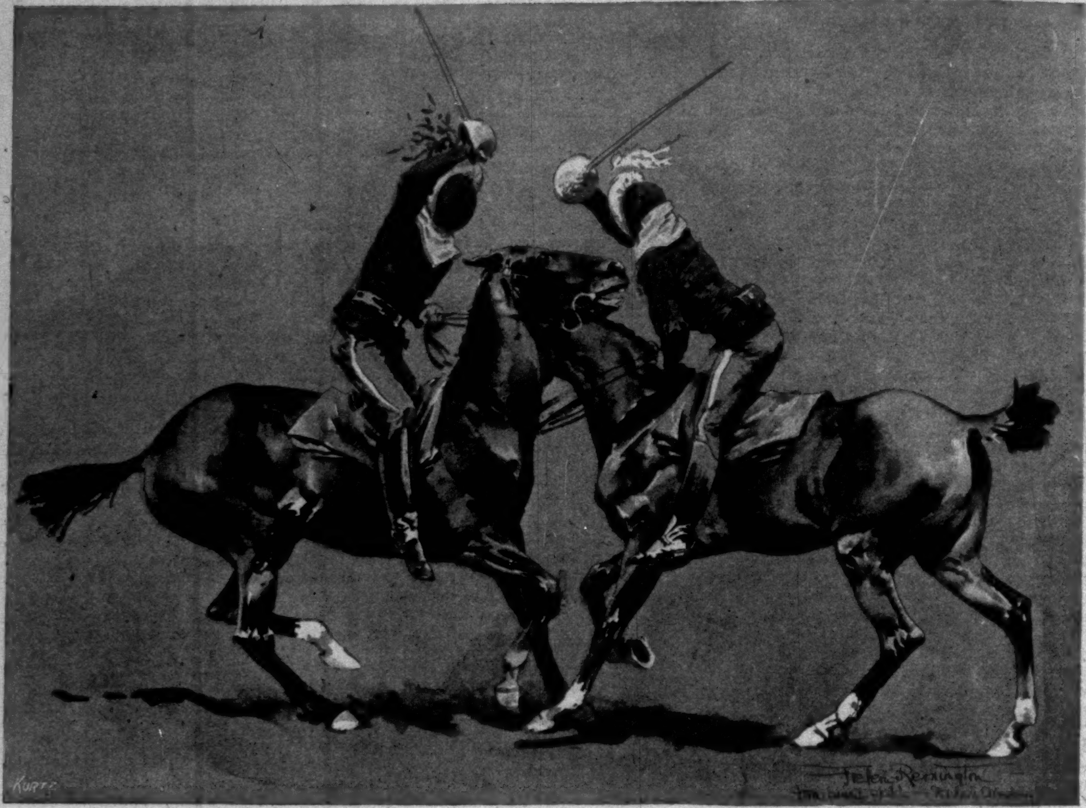
1889—Schooner *Sea Fox*, A. Cass Canfield, beat *Grayling*, L. A. Fish; sloop *Titania*, C. O'D. Islin, beat *Katrina*, Auchincloss Brothers.

1890—Schooner *Merlin*, J. M. Forbes, beat *Mayflower*, W. Amory Gardner; sloop *Volunteer*, C. J. Paine, beat *Puritan*, J. M. Forbes.

1891—Schooner *Volunteer* (the old sloop remodelled), C. J. Paine, beat *Iroquois*, Ralph N. Ellis; sloop *Gloriana*, E. D. Morgan, beat *Barbara*, W. H. Foster.



READY FOR THE FRAY.



IN THE MELÉE.

THE MEN AND THE WORK OF TROOP A.

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE.

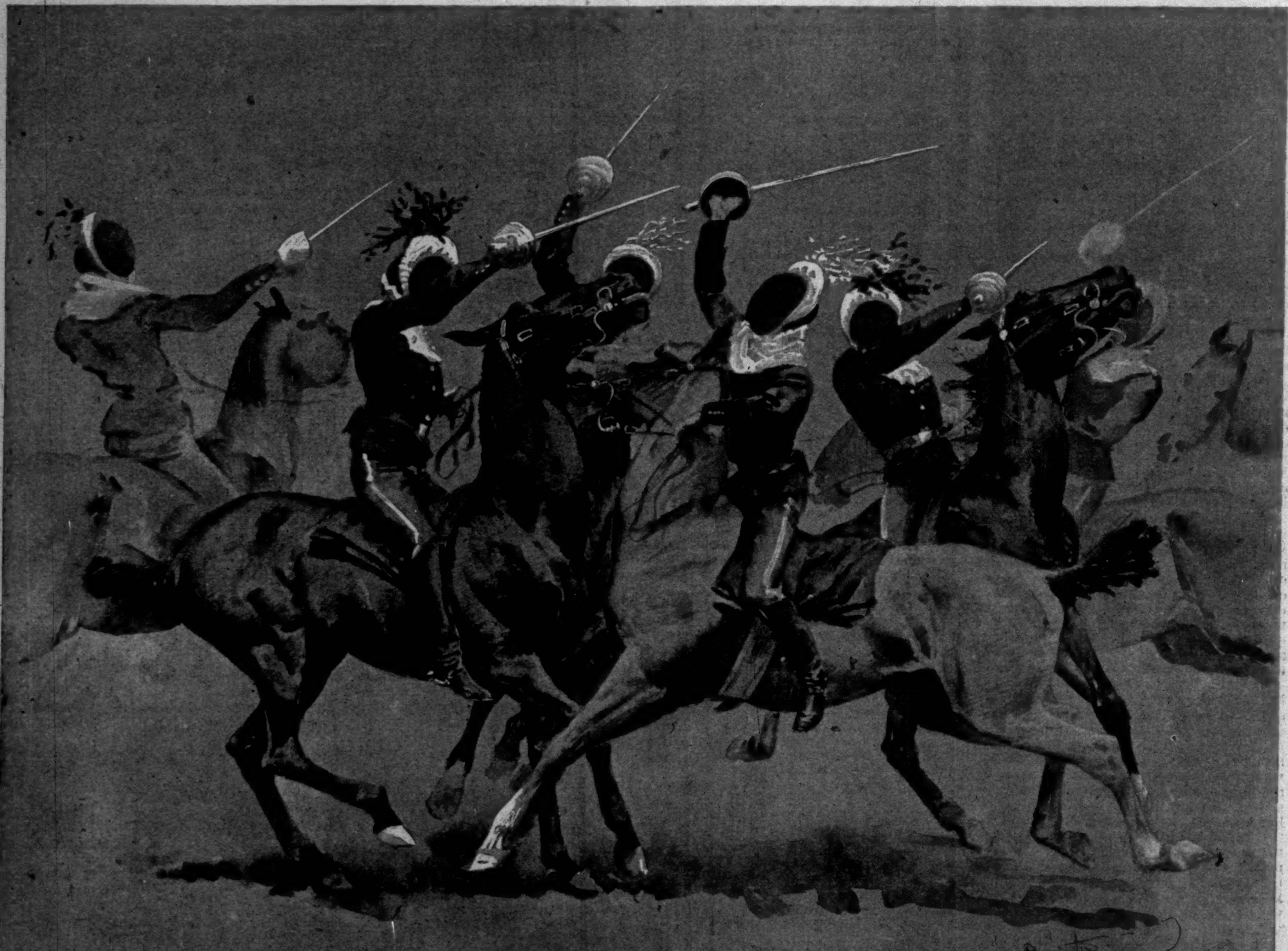
Mr. Remington has illustrated the prowess and the shape of the men of Troop A in a fashion that makes writing about them as superfluous as it is for the lady to scream when the cannon goes off.

At the same time, when an able man does pictures, some one must be the Greek chorus, and perpetuate the noble existence of Mr. Choragus.

The most complimentary thing that can be said of any man or of any organization may be said truthfully of Troop A—the troop has done what it undertook to do, and has done it well. That is to say, it has done, and it is what its Captain, Charles F. Roe, meant that it should do and be. Troop A is spoken of as are the venerable characters in sacred history—one always hears first who begat them. Captain Roe begat Troop A.

A few years ago this city possessed an institution called the New York Hussars. With every desire to speak kindly of the dead, history is forced to say that the New York Hussars were not calculated to strike terror into the enemy when full grown. The young men who constituted the hussars were fine young men, but they lacked discipline, and as they bought their own clothes, their minds drifted with irresistible force to the clothes question. They were gorgeous, but they were not warlike. Perhaps the most brief and graphic obituary that could be devised for them would be to simply mention the fact that they tried to beat a Philadelphia troop at the military business and could not do it. The New York Hussars after that failure died, and Troop A was born, with Captain Roe, as has been said, for its father. This is the idea of Troop A, and this is the work that has been faithfully done—to take one hundred young men at a time and make of them soldiers capable of leading each a troop of cavalry. Should the eagle be insulted and fighting be unavoidable, we should have the horses and the men able to stick on to them, or, at least, willing to try. Troop A would supply

(Continued on page 17.)



THE MELÉE.

SKETCHES AT THE "CIRCUS OF TROOP 'A.'"—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

THE DREXEL INSTITUTE.

DOES Mr. Anthony J. Drexel know how well he has builded in the matter of the institute that bears his name? Probably not. It is one of those rare institutions whose aim is not financial success; and when it comes to a question of the amount of moral good to be conferred, man can only estimate vaguely, and hope for the best. This institute is a direct blow at socialistic doctrines of equality in wealth; it shows what beneficent use may be made of a large fortune.

The Drexel Institute of Art, Science, and Industry—to name it at length—is located in Philadelphia. The building has been in course of erection for some months, and was formally dedicated Thursday, December 17th. The exercises were held in the auditorium of the building, a hall capable of accommodating two thousand people. It was crowded. The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, of New York, implored the Divine blessing upon the institution and upon its founder; Chauncey M. Depew delivered the oration; the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, acting in behalf of Mr. Drexel, who was absent, delivered to the president of the institute, James MacAlister, LL.D., the deeds of the building; and Bishop Whittaker, of Philadelphia, pronounced the benediction.

The cost of the building and grounds has been $500,000. In addition to this expenditure, Mr. Drexel has made over to the institute long-time securities valued at $1,023,000, which are now producing $50,000 annually. Still further, Mr. Drexel has given many books to the library and a valuable collection to the museum. This last department has also been remembered by George W. Childs, Dr. Edward H. Williams, and the family of the late Lieutenant Allan G. Paul, U.S.N.

The building stands at Chestnut and Thirty-second streets, on high ground. It is in the style of the classic renaissance, and is of light buff brick with terra-cotta ornaments of a darker color; the base is of rock-faced granite. The main entrance is from Chestnut Street by a richly decorated portal. It admits to a noble portico in colored marbles, and with an oak-panelled ceiling. Thence, one gains the entrance hall, in which the Greek motive is emphasized by columns in red Georgian marble. Beyond is the great central court, 65 feet square, wainscoted in marble, and with a groined ceiling, the centre filled in with a diffusing sash of stained glass. Above this is a roof of glass and iron. A grand staircase in Italian marble and decorative iron-work conducts from the court to the upper stories. Broad galleries run around the court on the second and third floors, and are supported and enclosed by arcades. From these galleries the classrooms, studios, and laboratories open. They are all lighted from the exterior of the building. The wood-work throughout is of polished oak.

The first floor contains the library, a well-lighted commodious room, with a capacity for 75,000 volumes. The museum is also on this floor. The gymnasium, fitted with the latest athletic appliances, is on the top floor; two suites of marble bath-rooms are connected with it. The department of photography will also be on this floor, and there are rooms for printing and developing, and a dark room.

In the attic one is impressed with the ventilating system. Here are four electric motors, each operating an exhaust fan that has to do with a distinct part of the building. Foul air has no chance to accumulate within these walls. Going down one flight of stairs, the chemical laboratory is found. The ceiling of this room is one large grating, through which fumes and odors escape, and are at once driven off by the exhaust fan.

In the basement are three superb dynamos, built from special plans for the institute by the Edison General Company, and adjoining them is the boiler-room, a model for light and ventilation; it contains three boilers of 200 horse-power each. The system of heating employed renders each room independent of the others, and has an automatic system of regulation that causes an equable temperature to be maintained throughout the entire building. In the basement also are the rooms for wood-turning, machine shop, blacksmithing, and electrical study and experiment.

Throughout the building, in its construction, its appointments, and equipment, the dominant idea of the builder stands forth prominent before all else: let us have the best of everything. There has been no paring of expenses. Having the intention to do a good work, Mr. Drexel has done it as perfectly and completely as the appliances and inventions of the day permit. And now the manual and mechanical part of the work is completed. There remains the practical application of the plan. What is this?

First, it is not a charity. It will not give with no expectation of receiving back to itself any reward. It will, so it is hoped, gather strength from the breadth of its work, the scope of its instruction, and the ability of its graduates, so that coming years may find it prepared to proceed upon still broader lines into still wider fields of usefulness.

It aims to educate, but not along a hackneyed line. Pupils in the schools of the past and of to-day study a great deal that affords admirable mental discipline, but is of no practical advantage in their life work. The Drexel Institute will largely avoid this. Its curriculum is to be such that when a young man or young woman goes forth from its doors with its diploma in hand, he or she may find a situation open and waiting. It will educate to meet the needs of changing social conditions, and the exigencies of a busy life as the masses of the people find them. It will afford training—and that is practical education—to the masses, who have undoubted ability, but no possibility of attaining development under present scholastic conditions. This is its object—the extension and improvement of industrial education as a means of opening better and wider avenues of employment to young men and women. This is to be done largely by means of lectures, evening classes, the library, and the museum.

And now, what can the young man or woman learn at the institute?

There is to be a course of study and practice in art, including free-hand and model drawing, oils and water-colors, design, modelling, and sculpture. It will include a three-years' course for teachers of art in public schools. There is a scientific department, in which chemistry and physics will be taught. The laboratories are excellently equipped. There is the department of mechanic arts. It will aim to fit boys and young men for a business or industrial career, and to bring them into sympathy with the industrial tendencies of the times. It will include a thorough course of manual training, supplemented by instruction in drawing and mathematics and other branches. It will introduce the pupil to the mysteries of wood-work, iron-work, machine construction, elementary economics, and will also give him a good physical training.

And then, for the girls and young women, there is a department of domestic economy. It will teach necessary things, and things often not known until taught by stern experience, in the organization and management of the household. It will be thoroughly practical. The course will extend over two years. Cooking will be taught in model kitchens, and meals will be spread in a model dining-room. And besides cooking, the girls may learn millinery, dress-making, the building, sanitation, decoration, and management of the house, household economy, human physiology and hygiene, business forms and accounts, free-hand drawing, and elementary economics.

The technical department will include courses in applied electricity, machine construction, mechanical drawing, photography, house decoration, wood-carving, cookery, millinery, and dress-making. It is comprehensive of much that is taught in other departments. There will also be teaching of the methods of business, a regular system of physical training, and a normal department for intending teachers. This will recognize the change now going on in elementary schools, and prepare to meet the resulting needs.

One notes here not alone many things that the sexes may study together, but also much that is intended particularly to benefit young women. It is in advance of former plans of co-education. The nature of the instruction throughout is well considered to improve and elevate mankind as a whole, and not any one class. It will bring beauty and light into phases of life where they have been sadly lacking.

A system of free scholarships is prepared, but for the greater part admission will be accompanied by a small fee. That which is easily obtained is lightly considered; an education is too important a matter to be triflingly dealt with. And thus, with a noble building, a princely endowment, a modern equipment, a fair prospectus, and an efficient corps of teachers, the Drexel Institute starts upon a course of broad philanthropy, of which no man can consider the possible bounds.

GOOD STORIES OF CHICAGO'S RIVER.

BY M. A. LANE.

THERE is a suggestion of Victor Hugo and of Charles Dickens about the drab and sluggish stream that winds through the most thickly built portion of the city of Chicago. When the town, in a future brightly anticipated by the enthusiast who can see 4,000,000 population within its limits in twenty-five years, shall have become the literary and artistic as well as the pork and wheat centre of the country, the Dickens and the Hugo of that time will make the river classic in fiction. Even now one melodramatist has put it in a play.

If you ever go to Chicago, stand on the Washington Street bridge that opens communication between one of the busiest thoroughfares in the world and a street on the other side of town that was once the ultra-fashionable district. Let us say you are standing there now on a winter's evening at five o'clock. Under your very feet a tug is fretting itself into a positive fury with the stress of a coal barge. Looking to the south, behind electric lights that glimmer through the fog of factory smoke, the naked masts of a schooner are lifted high up beyond the walls of a great warehouse, and the sound of human voices is heard distantly as from afar in that direction. It comes from the sailors who are preparing the ship for the sea. Over against you a massive iron bridge cuts off the clear view down stream, and you can almost feel the throbbings and the vibration of the steel structure as the fibre responds to the wagon traffic and to the beat of hundreds of human feet that tread over it. To the right a mass of yellow brick rises up and confronts you with open, sashless windows—a deserted building that has been a tenement of thieves since it was condemned by the City Engineer as unsafe. Its *vis-à-vis* is a companion insult to architecture, and you have no desire even to ask its name, for it is black and uninviting, and in keeping with the dirty water that helplessly plashes against its dead walls, and receives from them a gurgling stream flowing from a drain-pipe.

The first bridge to the south crosses Madison Street, and looking through a fortunate opening over a low house, one can see, away to the west, a long line of hazy light thrown against the thick sky. The glare suggests the stream of human beings jostling one another along the polished sidewalks of the street, westward and homeward going. The light is fierce and cold, and stretches four miles away.

These long lines of wall grow higher as they recede southward on either side of the stream. In the murk and fog they seem, each one in turn, to rival their nearer neighbors in height, and those furthest away are the highest, growing nearer to the sky until their tops are no longer visible. At this place a great bunch of electric lights breaks out into view. A dozen of them at least seem to be crowded together. When an eastern gust of wind drives the smoke clouds away, the lights flare up, become animated and excited, and give you the idea that they are discussing some rather warm question. Then as suddenly they go out, disappear, are quenched. The smoke has come again.

This peculiar bunched effect of the lights is produced by a sharp bend in the river; and the day scene differs but little from the evening scene, for the sun itself is blurred by the smoke. Looking directly up street to the right, an interminable line of gas lamps stretches away to the vanishing-point. Those are the lamps of Washington Boulevard, that, beginning at Halsted Street, make a strange contrast to the ugly and lower end of the avenue. A few rods toward the right arises a clangor, a yelling, an indescribable battle of sounds, calculated to make one shudder. It is caused by the cable trains passing every minute into and out of the tunnel forty feet directly under the bridge and the bed of the river.

If you have managed to hold your post on the bridge thus far, you are a brave man, because the tide of humanity that passes over it is swift and strong and impatient at obstacles to its progress. Perhaps it may be time to think of joining the stream in either direction, but presently you are stopped and stayed and held fast in your place by a bit of commotion down the river a little way. A deep, strong, fierce shriek smites the air and sets it quivering. Be assured it is from no human throat, this noise. It escapes from the brazen throttles of a big tow-boat just beyond the bridge at Madison Street.

Following sharp upon it, scarcely before its echoes have been swallowed up in the general din, come the rapid strokes of an alarm-bell thin and piercing. Two strokes come quickly with a slight pause, then two more, and two more, as if the clapper of a monster ship's monster time-teller were ringing out more bells numerically than the oldest sailor ever heard in a day's sailing. The pedestrians on the bridge in front of you hurry and scurry, and elbow one another, and rush like madmen in both directions. Drivers whip up their horses, and the bridge trembles like a leaf under them. A great red light suddenly slides into view, and flings a crimson gleam athwart the dark waters. And then, as if drawn by some fairy power out of the blackness, appear the high masts of a ship, whose big black bow soon heaves into view, and marches slowly and majestically up the river.

That whistle from the tow-boat was the signal to the bridge engineer that a schooner was approaching; the bell was the alarm to the city that the bridge was about to open; and the red light was the lamp swung around with the turning so as to face the streets opening on the passage. While the big bridge at Madison Street is throwing wide its arms to receive the ship, the bridge at Adams Street, one move further south, is closing up. And despite their hurry and scurry and jostle and rush, the opening bridge catches a number of people and turns them completely around—prisoners while the ship is passing.

A ship's passage for any distance up or down the stream is the cause of the repetition of this sort of an affair on every bridge, and there is one at almost every street running from east to west through the town. And therefore, while you stand absorbed in the scene, the boat that is towing the ship, which has now approached so closely that you can see the shrouds, utters another unearthly yell, you are startled by the alarm-bell, this time directly above your head, a big board flaps down with the word "Danger" screaming from it, there is a puffing of steam and a scrambling of humanity on your own bridge, and you are lucky if your hat is not thrown into the river. It is all very crude, is this, but quite exciting and very interesting.

Odd affairs often happen while a bridge is turned, and these affairs, whose details are telegraphed abroad, astound people who have never seen the practical operation of a Chicago River bridge. For instance, not long ago a young man desired to take his sweetheart to the theatre. They engaged a cab, crossed the river to the other side of town, and the lovers were bent on returning in the cab to a play down-town. But, alas for human uncertainty! The cabby was quite deaf. It was this very Washington Street bridge that opened to let a ship go through just as the man drove his horse down the boulevard. He did not hear the tug's whistle nor the bell's alarm. He might have been blind as well as deaf, for he drove straight on, over the brink, and into the stream. Down the cut, into the water, plunged headlong horse, driver, cab, and occupants. What the young man and his sweetheart, what the cabman himself and the horse, must have felt when, in the quick flight into the black thick gulf of muck, they realized all there was of horror to be extracted from the situation, will never be known, for the entire party was choked to death by the foul water of the river.

One night only last summer the driver of a State Street owl car headed his horses toward the north. The hour was two o'clock A.M. The driver, worn out with a long turn, nodded a wee bit just as the car began to climb the little hill approaching the State Street bridge. There was a complement of passengers inside—really more than a complement, for some few were standing. The horses were travelling rather rapidly, when a fortunate jolt aroused the driver. He glanced up, and there, directly before him, as if crying out in terror, was the great red light. The bridge was turned. The man saw the hopelessness of the case. To stop the horses would be impossible; and so he flung open the front door, and in a voice that needed no artificiality of accent cried out:

"Jump for your lives! The river!"

On this occasion the only deaths chronicled were those of the poor beasts of burden that were carried away with the car and drowned.

One of the most dramatic incidents in the way of an accident of this kind told in connection with the river is that which happened not long since to one of the pieces of the Fire Department. In response to a general alarm down-town, a north-side hose-carriage was driven at full speed south, in Clark Street. It was late at night, the way was clear, and the high-spirited horses galloped like mad along the road, startling hotel sleepers, and causing belated foot-passengers to pause admiringly. In his desperate haste to reach the fire, whose dull glow in the distance offered a most exciting invitation, the driver of the reel forgot the possible danger of a turned bridge. Leaning forward, he flourished the reins with a free hand, and shouted out an urging word to the powerful animals before him. Up the steep they tore, puffing and snorting, pounding the clanking granite with their well-shod feet, and spurred on to swifter speed by the rattle of the heavy wheels behind them. The whole scene was the personification of *energy* drawn up to its highest pitch and utmost stretch.

In less than one second the reel, men, horses, and all disappeared. They were wiped out as quickly and completely as the living flame of a candle stricken with a damp cloth.

It was the old story: the bridge was open.

A man in a single buggy drove into the river a month or so ago, and his body was found four days afterward. Last winter a New York commercial traveller mysteriously disappeared. His employers offered $1000 reward for his recovery. This man, wide awake, walked over the brink to his death. He was found two weeks later.

All this will harrow your soul, and you will instinctively ask, "Why do not the city authorities place bars at the approaches, or men?" The Chief of Police says he will be thankful to any one who will assist him in solving the problem. Quite recently, on those bridges whereat the traffic is unusually heavy, policemen have been stationed and chains drawn across. But this does not hinder the pushing Chicagoan from climbing under the chains and shaking his fist in the very teeth of the Death Genius that hovers over the river's brink. This is one of the most striking features of every-day life in the Garden City.

The Seine, the Liffey, and the Thames have their Rogue Riderhood, who, in the delineation of the leading feature of his character, was wont to say: "If they has anythink, I knocks 'em on the 'ead and takes it from 'em, and if they hasn't anythink, vell, I knocks 'em on the 'ead hanyway." The Chicago River, as representative of a great city, could not afford to be without him. It has him by the flock in broods of evil birds of prey that are known to the detectives by the graphic and elegant, if not accurately descriptive phrase, "the Market Street Gang." In their vicinity it is not infrequently the case that a man is murdered on pure speculation. The streets are dark and narrow: the high buildings were designed and constructed by the Evil One, who wisely surmised that human cupidity would do the rest, and the unities are all there for the accomplishment of foul crime. I have met the *chourinour* of Paris and the sewer rat; I have chatted pleasantly (for two and six) with the genial gentleman of Dorset and Middlesex streets, who is "game," as he says himself, to "dead lurk a crib," or anything else for which the cockney thief or coney man has an equivalent in his own jargon; I have traded a half-crown for answers to three questions to as callous an animal as ever walked Mecklinborough Street after

three in the morning; and I have browsed after dark in the pits that are contiguous to Paradise Park in the Five Points—yet, for pure, unalloyed principle in crime, for granite hardness and unimpressibility and broad generous platforms, commend me to the short-necked thief of the Chicago River.

Business is not as brisk there now as it used to be, for the very blatant and flagrant conduct of the "gang" has defeated its chiefest purpose in living. The police have been unable to stamp out the evil, for the same reason that Scotland Yard does not reduce the terrors of the district that lies off Mile End Road and Whitechapel Road.

The river has built Chicago. Its widespread reputation as a foul stream will be chastened when the new Drainage Commission has deepened it, and turned it, with the addition of a swift current, into the projected canal that will carry Mississippi River boats from New Orleans into the heart of Chicago. And by that time, perhaps, the "Market Street Gang" will have succumbed, like their hideous night-born insect cousin, the coleopterous family, to the blighting glare of the electric light.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MANUSCRIPT.

BY CLIFTON ESDAILE.

Unlike Frankenstein, my creator loved the thing she had created. Out of innumerable scraps was I created, and built upon a disused skeleton of some old romance. Nevertheless, I was beloved and tenderly nurtured.

When I say that my fair creator was ambitious for me, you will, I trust, not misunderstand her. She craved no jewels or costly raiment for her beloved offspring; she but asked that I might live, and appear in print. My creator, I have since observed with pride, was very beautiful.

The first distinct recollection I have is that my leaves fluttered together on the dainty desk before which sat a sweet girl-woman. In her hand she still held a gold pen, but the ink on its nib was quite dry, and she seemed buried in thought.

I looked up at her responsively, and she took me up gently and read me in a soft voice, which has ever since seemed to me closely related to the sweet odor of the lilacs which were then blooming. From that moment I lived. As I lay on the desk before her, there was a sudden noise at the lattice; then some one said, in a low voice, "Sister!"

My creator started up so suddenly that I knew Sister must be her name; and I always think of her by that name, though I have since heard her called by several others.

Sister went quickly to the window, and said, in a frightened whisper: "Jack, why have you come here, and in broad daylight, too? Uncle will storm so if he finds it out, and I shall *never* be able to reconcile him to you."

By this time a young boy, three or four years younger than Sister, had climbed in at the open window, and I saw how much they looked alike; but his manner, clothing, and voice were quite different. All the people I have met in the world, except Sister, are like Jack—*men*, I believe, they are called.

In the mean time Jack was asking her for money. "I simply must have fifty dollars to-day, Sister; you can easily get it out of uncle."

"No, Jack; he will give me anything in the world but money; and that, he says, he will not give me."

"So he knows my gentle little Sister would give it to naughty Jack? By-the-way, Sis, I think a bean stalk would be better for Jack to climb than a lattice and a lilac-bush. Kindly see that it is changed before I come again."

Jack had a roguish, merry face, and Sister was evidently fond of him. I began to feel a strange sad feeling about half-way down my second chapter, which I have learned since from conversation with other MSS. is not an uncommon ailment, and is named *jealousy*.

Sister looked cautiously around, then flushing a little, said, "Jack, I am trying to earn fifty dollars for you."

Jack gave a low whistle of astonishment. "Poor little sister, why, how *can* you earn money?" he asked, looking at the silk-robed figure before him.

"I have written a story."

"You don't say!" and Jack regarded her with surprise and pride. "Wasn't it hard to do?"

Sister came over to the desk and caressed me with her pretty hand. "At first it was hard, but not when I really got started. Oh, then, Jack, I loved it."

It was sunset, and the gay light flashed on the pretty jewels in Sister's rings as she patted me tenderly.

"But the trouble is, I must have the money at once, for—"

A noise was heard in the hall, and, without finishing his sentence, Jack slid out the window, and Sister hastily took up a book. A rap on the door. Sister went and opened it, still holding the volume, with her forefinger between the leaves.

A tall and handsome old gentleman entered. He bowed with old-school courtesy, saying: "It is such fine weather, I have ordered the carriage. Are you ready to drive?"

Sister looked into the kind though severe face. "Yes, uncle; I should like of all things this sweet evening to take a drive with you."

So she put on a pretty wide straw hat, and went away with the old man, and I felt lonely.

It is very sad to feel lonely. It is not such a concentrated feeling as jealousy, but it runs through more pages and lasts longer. I have been lonely very often. But when Sister left me that afternoon I became acquainted with loneliness for the first time, and I was sad through at least two chapters.

The sunset had gone, the pink and blue after-glow had also left, and the gray came in and tinged everything, until at last the black came and swallowed up what was left. I must have gone to sleep then, for when I awoke a great soft light shone in the window, and Sister was standing before it, saying, softly:

"How pale my white lilacs are there in the moonlight!" Then, as a slight noise was heard in the hall, she whispered, "Is that you, Jefferson?"

"Yes, miss," came from a very black old man, who entered and stood upon the threshold, as if awaiting orders.

"Jefferson, have you saved up fifty dollars?"

"Yes, missie, I has dat; an', fo' de laud, missie, Jefferson dun'no' what to done wid dat same fifty dollars."

"Jefferson, will you lend it to me? There is something I want to get, and I don't want uncle to know, and I will pay you back ever so soon."

"I's jest too pleased, missie. I was goin' fur to ask you to keep dat money fo' me fo' de present;" and the old man hurried away.

Sister came and stood in the moonlight, and I saw she was crying, but she only said, "Dear, kind old Jefferson!"

Presently he came back, and handed something to Sister, saying, "I thank ye, missie, fur keeping of it for me"; and he hurried away again.

Sister went to the window. "Jack," she whispered.

Then I heard low voices, and she handed the money out the window to some one.

"God bless you, Sister!"

"Good-night; be a good boy, Jack."

Then Sister came and knelt down by the desk, and her beautiful hair rested on my pages; then splash came two tears, and so I was baptized.

I was not a nice child; but that, I am convinced, was my own fault. Sister, however, thought I was delightful, and though she ought to know, her opinion was not corroborated by others.

I awoke one morning to find myself being roughly handled for the first time. A great ugly man was seated by a huge desk in a big office. There were many other men somewhat like him, all sitting at great desks in the same office, but the particular man to whom I refer was more disagreeable, I am convinced, than any of the others.

He tore off the paper wrappings in which I had been swathed, and flung them into a great capacious scrap-basket. At that time my knowledge of scrap-baskets was limited, but subsequently this part of my education was corrected. I fluttered my leaves coquettishly as he glanced at me, but I at once became aware that he seemed to see *through* me without looking *at* me. He fumbled me over, reading a portion of the last chapter, then said, *sotto-voce*, "More trash"; then, aloud, to a young man at the next desk:

"Here, bundle this back. I think, however, I tore the address, so look out for it."

Then he slipped a rubber band over me, and I tumbled pell-mell into the big basket after the shreds of my envelope. At that time I was the only occupant of the basket, but in an hour, one after another, thirty other manuscripts were with me in the basket. We naturally fell into conversation as we lay there together. Next me I found a sweet-scented sheet tied with a pale blue bow. It seemed very soft-and gentle, and I asked its name.

"April," it answered, with a gentle sigh.

"You are very pretty," I said, not yet having learned that the truth is not to be spoken at all times.

"Not a bit," suddenly growled a MS. which had slipped in beside us, and edged its way disagreeably close, smelling as it did of stale beer and tobacco. "Pretty indeed!" this MS. grunted. "'April: A Sonnet.'"

The sonnet thus referred to responded, mildly, "I am a sonnet, and a very pretty one, too."

At this there was a rustling among all the MSS. in the basket, and the sonnet and I discovered that they were all laughing.

"A sonnet indeed! A sonnet with sixteen lines ending in an 'Alexandrine.'"

At this remark the rattle of dry laughter rippled around the basket again. I began to feel very much aggrieved for my poor little neighbor, and said, rather boldly, addressing the tobacco-perfumed sheets: "Who are you? You are not pretty yourself. How dare you say April is not?"

"*I* am a Scientific Theory on a most important discovery," responded the MS., with much blatant dignity.

"Yes, but you don't 'hold water,'" piped in the garrulous voice of an old Romance.

"Who ever heard of a MS. capable of containing aqueous fluid? Zounds, madame, 'tis not what we are built for," retorted the Humorous Tourist, with flippancy.

Little by little we drifted into a deeper conversation of a more amiable nature, which developed into an Experience Meeting, a new thing to April and me, but all the others were used to them—Basket Meetings, they called them.

About this time I became homesick, so deeply I yearned for my creator. I confided this sensation to the old Romance, and though the others all said she was immoral, she was kind and sympathetic. She told me that we would all be sent home very soon, where we would be revised and "freshened up a bit," and then sent on another journey. They all averred this had been their experience, and that they supposed it was what MSS. were written for; so I was comforted.

The older MSS. compared notes upon their various journeyings, April and I being left out, as we had no knowledge of the subject on this our first voyage.

The old Romance had visited every publishing house in America, and often met old and travelled acquaintances on these trips. Editors had just come under discussion, when our basket was suddenly jostled, and out we all came. A printed slip was folded in each MS., and then one by one they were addressed and taken away.

The youth who gathered us up seemed in a hurry, and left me, with my torn address, till the following morning; then, having more time, I presume, he picked me up, not unkindly, though he laughed in an amused way, glancing down my first page.

"Poor girl! (evidently a girl), she will be disappointed, doubtless."

Do you suppose he meant Sister?

At home again! And Sister did seem disappointed; but she read the little printed slip, and then wearily looked over my leaves.

None were torn or soiled, so she kissed me gently, and directly I was sent on another voyage.

My experience was much the same as before. The printed slip I brought back was a different size and shape, and I observed with anguish that my dear creator seemed worried, and I feared she was disappointed in *me*, or perhaps growing to dislike me, as others did.

One afternoon when I returned from a peregrination longer than usual, I was handed to my fair creator where she walked in the sweet-scented green and gold light of the garden, accompanied by a tall and handsome young man.

She sighed, "Again!" as she received me; then I trembled in her fingers, and somehow my string became untied, and I escaped from my wrappings.

Her companion hastened to pick me up, handling me with a consideration no other man had evinced toward me. Then he said to Sister, taking both her pretty hands as he placed me in her keeping,

"Sweetheart, if you love me, why insist on this long, this endless delay?"

Sister looked down, and a rosy color stole over her face, while her lips quivered.

"It is so hard to speak of. I have contracted a debt, and until I can repay it by my own earnings, I cannot marry; it would not be honorable; and no one will publish my story."

She was still looking down, sad and embarrassed, so she did not note her companion's expression, but I thought he was about to rend the pale evening air with a wild peal of laughter, so sparkling were his eyes with mirth and happiness.

Imagine my astonishment on seeing him quite grave when she lifted her eyes, as he said, sympathetically:

"Yes, I understand, dear. By-the-way, have you tried the Gushington Publishing House?"

Yes; I had but just returned from their commodious scrap-basket. He seemed very kind. When he left us, Sister took me to her pretty silk-draped room. She sat by the open window, and I lay still in her lap, and wondered from Title to Finish what I could do to make her happy.

It was, I think, two days after that a letter lay beside me on Sister's desk. It was from the house of Gushington, and contained a check for seventy-five dollars, and a note from the editor stating that by *mistake* I had gotten in a pile of rejected MSS., and been sent to her by his assistant without his knowledge. Would she kindly overlook this, and permit his house the honor of printing her work?

Then you should have seen her. She was like a glad June morning in her loveliness. She laughed and cried all at once.

When I returned to the editor's desk, he read me over carefully, then he extracted quite a long letter from a pigeon-hole, and I had an idea it concerned myself. This surmise was correct.

The august presence deigned to permit a pleasant smile to play over his features like a flitting sunbeam as he answered the letter *sotto-voce*: "True, dear old friend, we do sometimes print even worse from one cause or another." Then I was sent to press in the hands of a sad little "devil."

Sister and her husband have always maintained a peculiar fondness for me, but the rest of my readers say, "*Strange how this magazine is degenerating!*" Do you suppose they refer unkindly to me as I appear "in print"?

THE POWER OF ONE PRESS.

There is a popular idea that there is no business so hazardous as that of publishing a daily newspaper. This idea is correct in the main; but notwithstanding the great risk which a publisher runs when he starts a daily newspaper, more of them have been published during the past few years than ever before, and a great many of these new enterprises have been successful from the beginning. I am not speaking of the large dailies in the great cities; these, when they succeed, are veritable gold mines; but if not successful, they prove sink-holes which no amount of money seems adequate to fill up. Of the successful and unsuccessful great dailies every reader of the Weekly probably has more or less intimate knowledge. Why some succeed and some others fail is a problem to solve which bewilders the intellects of the shrewdest observers. But there are thousands of prosperous and successful daily papers printed in small towns of from four to ten thousand inhabitants, and all travellers come across these and wonder how they can exist. They are bright, "newsy," and well-printed journals, containing the local news and somewhat of the news of the world. How four-page seven-column papers, two cents a copy, could be profitably printed daily in places where the total circulation of from six hundred to fifteen hundred would be large bewildered me until I learned how it could be done.

And this is the way. Some ten or eleven years ago two or three newspaper men in Chicago conceived the idea at election-time of stereotyping the election news, and sending it in blocks ready to be locked into newspaper forms for use by the papers in the neighborhood of the Western metropolis. From this small beginning a great business has grown, and all kinds of matter are cast into plates, and expressed away for use by the newspapers. This plate matter not only includes miscellaneous reading matter, news and editorial paragraphs, but telegraphic news, so that the subscribers to the service are only a few hours behind the great city dailies, which pay out thousands of dollars a week for telegraph tolls. As the plate-makers employ the best writers, paying good prices to authors, the matter is really very good indeed. It is by purchasing these plates, and so saving the cost of several compositors, that these small dailies not only manage to exist, but to thrive and even get rich.

I learned of one paper printed in a town not more than 200 miles from New York. The town has a population of 6000, and the paper a circulation of 800. It comes out every afternoon in the week except Sunday, and is delivered at the homes of the subscribers for ten cents a week. It has four pages of seven columns each, is well printed and bright-looking. The owner, it will be seen, gets $80 a week for his circulation. How, I wondered, can he make it pay? I learned that these were his weekly expenditures:

3 compositors at $9 each	$27 00
1 printer's devil	3 00
1 reporter	7 00
Plates (telegraph news)	10 00
" (miscellaneous)	1 50
Rent	5 00
Paper	12 00
Lights	1 50
Fuel	1 50
2 carriers at $3 each	6 00
Owner's services	9 00
Incidentals	3 00
Total	$86 50

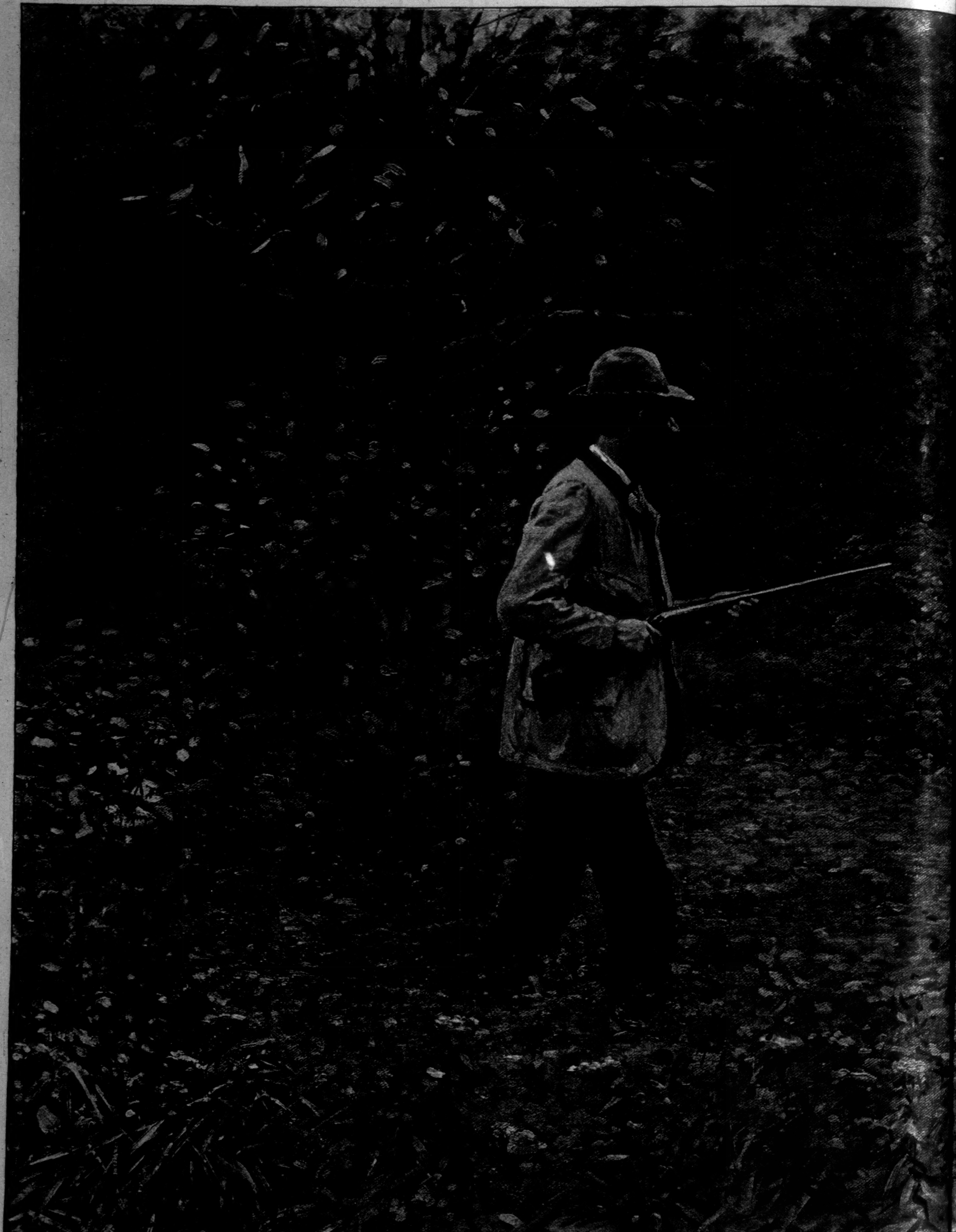
Here we see that the paper which he sells for $80 a week costs the publisher $86 50. But he prints an average of fifteen columns of advertising daily, and for this he gets $5 a column per week; so here he increases his income by $75 a week. But this is not all. He averages $20 a week from reading and political notices, so that his gross income is as follows:

Circulation	$80 00
Advertising	75 00
Reading notices	20 00
Total	$175 00
Expenses	86 50
Net profit	$88 50

This, it will be seen, is a very handsome profit for a man to make who is content to rate his personal services at $9 per week. On this sum, in the town where he lives, he can get along very nicely, and quite as well as his neighbors. If he lay by his $4600 a year, it will only be a little while before he is a rich man. It may be said that his one reporter is a college graduate, and is quite content with the $7 a week which is paid to him. That salary, however, is quite equivalent to three times the amount in New York, as it will buy just as much comfort.

Until the introduction of the plate service such an enterprise as the one described would not have been possible. Now there are at least 500 daily papers in the United States costing less than $100 each per week to manufacture; and, as a rule, these papers are generally about as prosperous as the one I have mentioned. The country newspaper owners are not, after all, the least fortunate of men. On the contrary, they may be considered to be very lucky. They make money, they influence public opinion, and they enjoy to a marked degree the consideration and respect of their neighbors.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.



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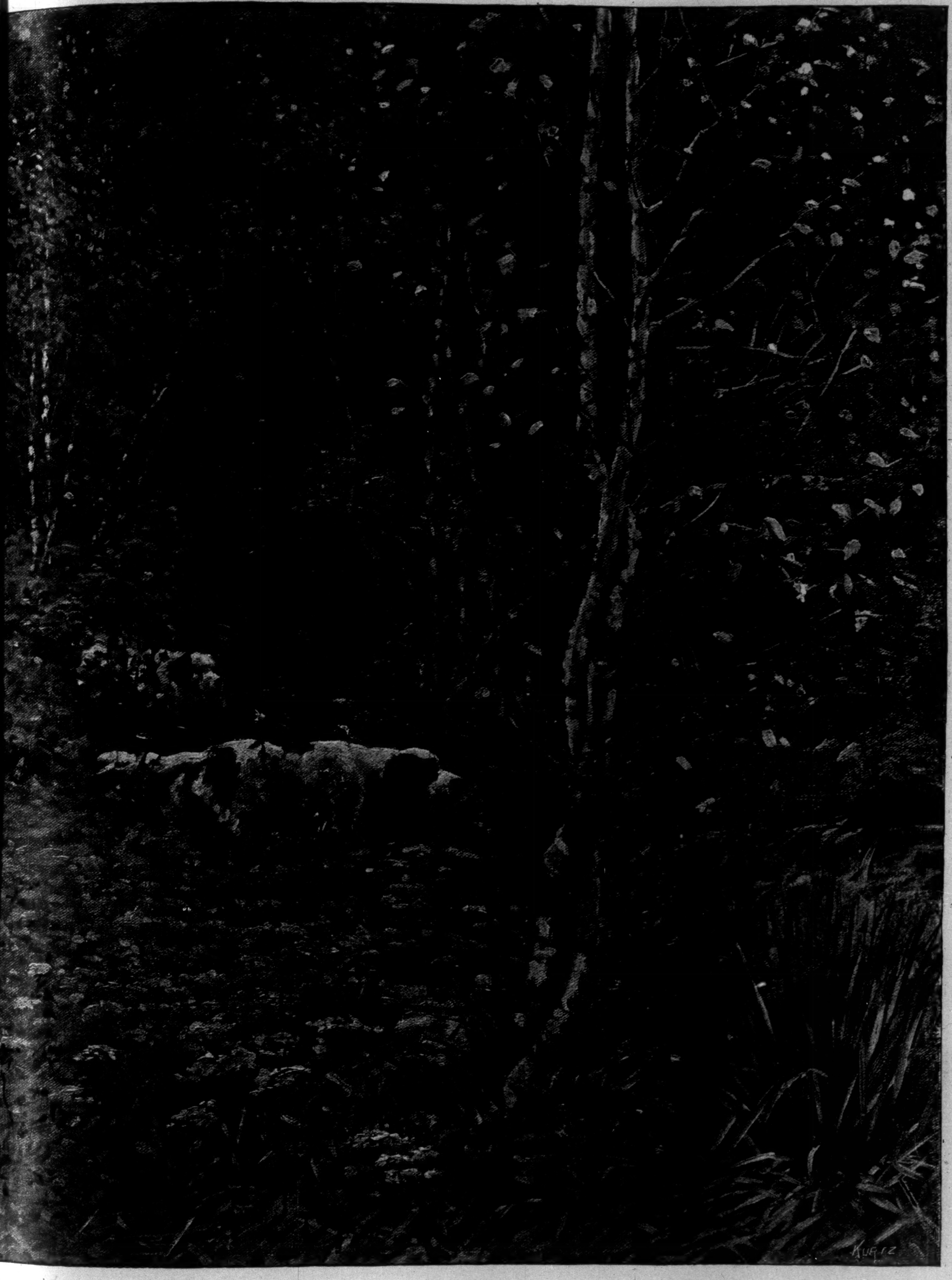

L."—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

BY HARRIET S. FLEMING.

It was no ordinary sight to see Dalberg in a florist's shop. His fellow-clerks in the house of Brown, Ainslie, & Co. would have stared had they chanced along as he put down two dollars for a bunch of violets. All of them knew that he was the poorest-paid employé of the house. They knew how he must have to scrimp to support a wife and children with his salary.

Dalberg came out of the shop and buttoned his shabby overcoat closer. The air was chilly, and heavy with moisture.

"I suppose it would have been more sensible to have bought an umbrella," he reflected; but his heart did not support the sentiment. He was still warm with the impulse which had sent him into the shop.

He had stood at the window a long time before going in. The huge roses had attracted him at first. Then he had noticed the mass of violets in a bowl. As he saw them he remembered that his wife used to wear them. The first time that he met her she had a bunch of violets in her dress. Macready had sent them—the commission man who had been her suitor. All that was long ago. Fifteen years had passed. She had married him, the poor clerk, and Dalberg could not help speculating as to whether she had ever regretted her choice. For, as his wife, she was the victim of poverty. She had come to know all sorts of privations. She had learned to cook, to sweep, and even to scrub; and, besides, she was perpetually sewing for their two children. She turned their clothes, she patched and pieced them, and after her day of incessant toil, she sank into bed worn and weak.

As he stood there, looking in at the window, Dalberg's heart swelled with a great pity for his wife. He did not consider his own slavery. The long hours which he served for his pitiful salary he gave cheerfully. The austere economy which he must practise he submitted to without a struggle. It was when he reflected on his careworn, joyless wife that he grew rebellious.

Everything might have been otherwise for her as Macready's wife. All the light and color of life might have been hers, for the commission man had grown steadily wealthy. Instead of that her spirit was cramped and almost broken. She was obliged to give her thoughts to the most sordid details of economy. Her first strength was devoted to the problem of making their slender means meet the exactions of the landlord and the butcher. How changed she was, poor girl! He seemed to see her as she looked when he first knew her. The contented face, the white dress, the bunch of flowers, were all before him.

At that moment two women had come out of the shop. Each had violets pinned on her dress. As they passed him, the flowers gave forth a delicious odor. Breathing it, he felt himself transported. Fifteen years were obliterated. It seemed to him then that all of brightness which his life had ever held was inseparably connected with the fragrance of violets. To possess them was to be young again, with life full of promise and hope. He longed to take the flowers in his hand, to crush them against his face, and draw a full deep breath.

Before he realized what he was doing, he was in the shop, with the precious blossoms in his hand; and then he remembered that he ought not to buy them. His wife would think his reason had departed if he came home and said that he had paid two dollars for violets. But the pressure of his own desire was irresistible. He finally determined to send them anonymously, to have them arrive the next day while he was away. It would be St. Valentine's day. There should be a card on the box marked, "A Valentine"; and while his wife would wonder, would puzzle her brain over the sender, she would never suspect her husband. He knew her well enough for that.

In a moment more it was all done. He had laid down the money, had given the address, and was once more in the streets on his way home.

As he walked on he passed the confectioner's. The shop was filled with men and women. Half a score of girls were busy tying up packages of sweetmeats. He longed to go in, buy great boxes of the dainties, and go home loaded down with them. The luxuries of life had suddenly become the necessities. He felt that he could not do without them.

But he hurried on. His extravagance had already been great—so great, indeed, that he trembled a little when he recalled it.

That night he was restless. He slept the sleep of one to whom something unusual has occurred. When the white light of morning came in at the windows he awoke aghast at what he had done the night before. All day he was troubled, and many times wished the money back in his pocket, where he was accumulating enough for the children's shoes.

Yet when eleven o'clock came he said to himself: "Now she is receiving them. Now she has opened the box. Now she is holding them to her face to breathe their odor." And imagining this picture, he could not be wholly regretful.

And when he reached home that evening he found his wife in a state of such pleasant excitement that his last doubt vanished.

"The strangest thing has happened," she cried, "and the most delightful. Some one has sent me a bunch of violets for a valentine. Just fancy! a bunch of violets for me! Why, I have not had any for years."

Dalberg expressed appropriate surprise.

"You see I am not yet too old to receive a valentine," said his wife, with a touch of coquetry which rejoiced him. She had been so serious for years. "But who could have sent it?" continued she. "It must have been some one who knew my preference for violets. I can't guess for the life of me."

There was something on her face, however, which contradicted her words, and gave Dalberg the idea that she had already decided on the donor. Macready was the only one who had ever sent her violets. They met him occasionally even now. He knew where they lived. What was more natural than that she should ascribe the gift to him?

During their supper Mrs. Dalberg's good spirits continued. She had on her best black dress, and the bunch of violets was pinned on her bodice. There was a pink color on her cheeks, which won her husband's admiration. Had not their two children been at the table, he would have paid her unrestrained compliments. As it was, he could not help remarking,

"You look like a girl to-night, my dear."

His wife hushed him, glancing towards the children; but it was evident that she was pleased at his praise. Afterwards she proposed their going to the theatre.

"I think we might indulge ourselves. We go very seldom," she urged.

Dalberg assented, although he was doubtful whether his wife, if she knew all, would approve of spending the money. But seats in the balcony were not dear, and they always sat there now.

The opera was excellent. The prima had a good voice and comely person. The comedian was capital, his jokes were convulsing. Dalberg could not remember that he had spent a pleasanter evening. Under the influence of the gay company and the entertainment something within him began to thaw. His wife, with the violets on her breast, was also in lively spirits. All the way home she was recounting the attractions of the opera. The ballet was so fine, so well costumed.

Arrived at home, she seemed bent on prolonging their unusual festivities. She rummaged the pantry for a little luncheon. She found some crackers and cheese, and as there was nothing else to drink, she brewed a cup of tea over the oil stove in the kitchen.

Dalberg gave himself up to the occasion with the utmost enjoyment. It was what he longed for most, for some such brief respites from the daily grind of work. The social instinct was strong in him, and even these meagre viands, seasoned with good understanding, held all the flavor of conviviality that his starved spirit craved. Usually they shut down the fire and gas and went to bed at half past nine. To-night they were enjoying life.

For nearly an hour the gas blazed unheeded while they sat over the remnants of their little feast. They talked of almost everything. The clock striking twelve roused them. Mrs. Dalberg rose, and began putting away the dishes.

"It will make so much less work in the morning," she said, cheerfully.

Dalberg himself was slower to move. He feared to break some pleasant spell that had mysteriously changed his house into a home.

Finally his wife took a glass from the cupboard, and went out to fill it with water. Returning, she placed it on the table, and tenderly took the violets from her dress.

Carefully clipping each stem so that it might sooner recover its freshness, she again speculated on the sender. She suggested every name save the one constantly in her mind, and at last that too found voice.

"You don't suppose that it could have been Macready, do you?" she asked.

For the first time since their marriage Dalberg's heart was pierced by a jealous pang. He had paid for that evening's pleasure himself. Why should Macready have the credit?

"No, I don't suppose he did," he said, with the air of one who knows.

His wife looked at him suspiciously. "Do you know who sent them?" she demanded.

He waited a moment before replying, wondering if it were wise to tell her. Would she reproach him? He fancied she could not after such an evening. It had been like a revival of their youth.

"Do you know who sent them?" his wife repeated.

"Well, what if I do?" he answered, with a half smile.

"Don't keep me in suspense. Tell me now," she urged, excitedly. "Who was it?"

"Oh, if you must know, I sent them," he said, shamefacedly, for it was not easy to confess it, after all.

The color rushed to her face. "You sent them?" she cried. "Where did you get them?"

He was impatient at the question. "Why, at the florist's, of course," he replied.

"At the florist's!" she repeated, wonderingly. "Why, how came you—how did it happen?"

She had grown pale as she stood there before him, and looked older by ten years than she had seemed half an hour before.

Dalberg felt the chill of the change. His heart sank as he looked at her.

"I saw them in the window," he explained, in a labored way. "I remembered that you liked them. That is all."

She looked fixedly at him as though she could not believe him. Her face showed great distress.

"But the expense," she said. "You must have spent a great deal of money."

He did not answer.

She seemed determined upon wringing the truth from him. "How much were they?" she demanded.

Dalberg rubbed his fingers back and forth above his closed eyes. His face was darkly flushed. "They were two dollars," he replied, his voice sounding hard and strained.

Her expression was painful to look at. Through her mind there undoubtedly floated the remembrance of the innumerable wants which that money would have filled. The children—always the children—were needing flannels, hose, everything in fact. The spending of fifty cents for two back seats in the balcony was an unwarrantable extravagance for which she was sure to upbraid herself; but two dollars for violets!

"You should not have done it," she said, after a pause. "You know we cannot afford such things." Her voice was cold, but without anger. "The children need shoes," she went on; "they are almost barefoot; and Jack must have a new coat, or else he must leave school. I don't know where the money is coming from to pay for all these things."

Her husband did not reply. He still sat with his eyes closed, rubbing his forehead with his fingers as though he was smoothing away a pain. His face had a peculiar expression. She had never seen him like that before, and felt a little fear of him.

"I suppose I ought not to say this," she said, after a moment, "but you know how hard it is to keep food in the children's mouths."

The words seemed to start her husband. He rose and arranged the window-shades for the night.

"The children might be worse off," he remarked, with some bitterness. "They are not half as near starvation as we are."

She looked at him bewildered.

"I don't understand you," she said.

"No, it is evident that you don't," returned Dalberg; and taking a small kerosene lamp from the mantel-piece, he lighted it and went up to bed.

Through the window of his room streamed the moonlight. It lay in great silver patches on the floor. He hastened to shut it out. Something in its splendor gave him the keenest pain. The little glass lamp was more in accord with his mood. Its wick was turned down to save oil, and gave forth a smoky, suffocating odor. After a few moments he blew a great gust down the chimney, and the light went out. There was no one to leave it for. His wife slept in another room with the children. She was always so fearful that something would happen to them.

Stretched on the bed, he lay awake long into the night, reasoning, wondering over the portion which fate had assigned him, and even when the morning dawned, and the light came in under the paper shades, he was still lying there awake, asking himself stern unanswerable questions.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

BY EDWIN MUNSELL BLISS.

The Central Asian problem is rapidly assuming even more serious proportions than the Eastern question. The latter is worn somewhat threadbare, and its various phases are so well understood that the element of uncertainty is an ever-decreasing quantity. Given any one or more of a number of conditions already discussed *ad nauseam* in every political club or even private drawing-room, and the veriest civilian can detail the result with as much certainty as the ablest diplomat. Not so with the events transpiring among the peaks of the Hindu-Kush, Karakorum, and Thian-Shan mountains.

The Bham-i-dunia, with its Pamir plateaus, its sources of the Oxus and Syr-Darya, its outlook over Afghanistan, Kashmir, Thibet, Bokhara, and Chinese Toorkistan, has not yet lost all the charm of Orientalism. It would be attractive in any case, but as the theatre of a contest between the three greatest empires of the world, Great Britain, Russia, and China, all the romance that has gathered about any portion of Asia centres in it. With the advance of geographical knowledge, one section of the world after another has lost the vagueness of tradition and has come into the clear light of modern knowledge. Africa has yielded up its secrets; the land of the Lamas is rapidly becoming known, and the mysterious plateau that so long defied the approach of explorers has become a household word. We are indebted probably to the Moslems, who, in their conquests in Central Asia, identified the two rivers flowing from these plateaus with the Gihon and Pithon of the Old Testament narrative, for the name that has been so attractive for this region. There is, however, more than a seeming relevancy in the term. Were it possible to build an Eiffel Tower in the centre of these plateaus, one might look on every side and trace the paths that lead to each section of Asia. To the west he could follow the course of the Oxus, passing between Bokhara and Afghanistan, and opening a way to the plains of Herat; to the north the waters of the Syr-Darya find paths through the Thian-Shan Mountains to the rich region of Ferghana, with its capital, Khokand. Passing on to the east, the plains of Chinese Toorkistan, with the cities of Kashgar and Yarkand, are in full sight, with almost nothing to prevent passing to and fro. Farther to the south, in the passes through the Hindu-Kush, glisten the waters that feed the Indus and thread the valleys of Kashmir and the Punjab, till at last they reach the Indian Ocean. On the southwest, near the borders of Afghanistan, alone are ramparts too severe to be passed.

It is thus scarcely by a figure of speech that this is spoken of as the Roof of the World. The first information that we have of it came from Marco Polo; but that celebrated traveller found it difficult always to separate fact from fiction, and it was not until Lieutenant Wood, an officer of the British navy, passed up the Oxus and across these same plateaus that any accurate information was obtained. He saw them in winter, when they were one mass of snow, and justified the name Pamir, which he interpreted to mean desolate. After that, however, others occasionally visited them, and found that in the few summer months they were carpeted with a rich growth of grass, affording pasturage for the herds and flocks of the nomadic tribes that came from the north and east.

They, however, were not permitted to occupy them long undisturbed, or at least unnoticed. As Russia made advances through Bokhara and along the banks of the Oxus, until the borders of Afghanistan were reached, and the strife between north and south centred in Kabul and Kandahar, it became evident that the stupendous passes of the Afghan mountains would prove an almost if not quite unsurmountable barrier to the troops of the Czar. Scouts followed in the track of explorers, and Russian officers found their way to the Pamir plateaus. Their course, however, had been watched, and English influences forced a convention, signed in 1873, by which the Oxus marked the border between Bokhara and Afghanistan, and the Pamirs were declared neutral territory. Having accomplished so much, Russians and English both contented themselves with solidifying their influences on either slope of the roof. To the north, Ferghana, with its capital Khokand, became a Russian province. To the south, English power in Kashmir was strengthened and extended until the frontier forts were within two days' march of the Pamir border. So matters went on until this last summer, when an English officer, Captain Younghusband, on a journey from Kashmir to Yarkand, learned of the presence on the plateaus of a Russian expedition. At the pass of Bozai Gumbaz, eighty miles north of Gilgit, the nearest British garrison, he met the force, consisting of eight officers, sixty horsemen, and forty infantry soldiers, and learned, to his surprise, that he was a prisoner. The Russian colonel informed him that the Czar had annexed the Pamirs, and he could not allow his presence in them. If he wished to go through to Yarkand, they would escort him with a guard, or he might pass along outside of the borders indicated. The captain chose the latter, and immediately sending word to the officer at Gilgit, went himself some fifty miles east to another pass, whence he watched the course of the Russians as well as he might. Meanwhile another English officer, Lieutenant Davison, who was crossing the plateaus, met the same party, was arrested by them, and carried to the north to the town of Marghilan, near Khokand. Through the offices of the British Secretary of Legation he was, however, permitted to join Captain Younghusband at the southern borders of the Pamirs. Immediately upon the report being received in London, the British government made representation to St. Petersburg, claiming the recognition of the convention of 1873. The Russian Foreign Office replied that they had kept to that treaty; that the main branch of the Oxus, which had been accepted as the boundary line, flowed to the south of the Pamir plateaus, and not to the north; that the tribes of the Afghan border had been passing over the region of Ferghana and making disturbances, which necessitated prompt and decided action on the part of the Russian authorities, and that as a precautionary measure they had annexed the whole of the Pamir plateaus.

But England and India were not the only ones interested. For some time Russian intrigues to the north of China had attracted notice and fear at Peking, and as soon as news came of the establishment of Russian influence on the western border within easy striking distance of Kashgar and Yarkand, the Chinese authorities realized the importance to them of the movement, and joined England in protesting against the violation of what had been recognized as neutral territory. Reports have come of the advance of large forces of the Chinese army, but how true they are cannot as yet be definitely stated.

The next phase of the question was the contest very recently between the English garrison at Gilgit and a band of tribesmen from the north, who had attacked a small fort on the banks of the Indus. The tribesmen were immediately repulsed, and the fort, which had apparently yielded to their first advance, was retaken just before the descent of winter upon the passes, and the consequent stopping of all military action. The battle in itself was no more severe than had frequently occurred in those regions. Its importance arose from the fact that these

tribesmen had, without a doubt, received their impulse and even their arms from the Russian expedition occupying the Pamirs. How much further those influences have extended it is impossible to say. The Kashmiris are a bold and independent race, fond of their freedom, proud of their country, with its beautiful valleys, and will not submit to foreign domination without a struggle. The English have drawn nearer and nearer, and have been looked at askance by the hill-men as a power to be immediately dreaded. They, however, have not the organization of the Afghans, nor are they so circumstanced as to be able to present the united front of their neighbors. It is scarcely surprising that they should prove a ready prey to influences from the other side of the mountains. Russia is as yet far away for them, and her specious words and promises may easily induce a confidence that would be impossible for the Afghans.

There is another element of uncertainty and anxiety in the situation. Throughout India there is more or less of unrest. Jealousy of the English government, mutual hostility among the races, and religious fanaticism combine to produce a peculiar uncertainty of political condition in the Indian Empire. It is a fertile field for dissension, and Russia knows well how to use those influences to which Asiatics are most amenable. Gold will accomplish almost anything, and when with gold is given the promise of political preferment and national power, it is an argument almost if not quite irresistible. The simple fact is that Russia has gained what she has sought for so many years—a footing on the southern slope of the mountains forming the ridge of Central Asia. Whether she will be driven back or will be able to increase and strengthen her hold remains to be seen. The winter will probably be passed in diplomatic discussions. Ambassadors and ministers will discuss the varied conditions, and, as we have said, the Central Asian problem will assume a prominence to which hitherto it has been a stranger.

WITH GOD FOR WITNESS.

BY MRS. LOUISE H. WALL.

FRICK DENT lay on his bunk and listened to the howling of the wolves in the timber and the more oppressive breathing of his partner. He had been awake for hours, and not being a thinking man, he had absolutely nothing to do. The fir-tree over the shack dripped slow moisture on the roof, and through the warped glass of the window one star was blurred and half smeared out. The heavy cotton comfortable lay unyielding, like a mattress, upon him, and he grew cold. He got up, crept across the gritty floor, slid on his boots, and went to the door. Outside, the dripping forest of gigantic evergreens pressed against the one-roomed shack; two freshly felled trees supported themselves half up, like a man on his elbow; a faint trail from the door lost itself in the darkness of the undergrowth. Frick picked up the double-bitted axe by the door, and went out for firewood. As he moved in the underbrush he heard a slight sound behind him, and stopped to listen. There was a blaze, a zip, and he fell forward. He felt himself being dragged over uneven ground. He opened his eyes when he heard a snapping and crackling near him; he was lying on a comfortable beside the stove, which burned freshly. Tom was pulling off his boots, and sobbing and moaning over him, like a man in a nightmare. He got breath to say:

"Tom."

"Frick, boy, I didn't go to. I was asleep. I heard somethin'; I w—as dreamin' of b'ars. Lord! Lord! He don't hear."

The little flimsy stove was red hot, and the blood soaked into the comfortable from the man's side. Tom tore strips from the mattress on the bunk, and tried to tie them around the great hairy chest. Frick moaned.

"Tom," he said, "we're friends, ain't we?" His hand groped feebly.

Tom laid his unshaved cheek on Frick's side, above the jagged hole.

"We're friends?" he asked again.

"Yes, yes, Frick. I'd a sight ruther done it to myself." He sat on the floor holding the chill hand and pressing the coarse cloth against the pumping wound. The fierce fire died out from the stove, the iron creaking as it cooled.

Frick lay with his eyes staring open. "They'll say you killed me a-purpose," he breathed. "You'd ought to get a witness, Tom."

"I ain't kerin' what they say. I ain't goin', to leave you here dyin' while I'm off lookin' up witnesses."

After a long pause Frick said, "You tell 'em I was loadin' ketriges when you went out, and when you kem back I was like this."

Tom shook his head. "I ain't kerin' what they say."

"Gimme a pencil, Tom; don't be a fool!"

Tom lit a tallow candle stuck in the neck of a bottle, and lifted Frick against his knee, while he held a piece of paper against the sole of one of the boots he had dragged off. The stiff greenish hand closed over the pencil, and Frick traced the word "Friends"; but the point was gone, and the pencil left no mark. Then he drew a hard quick breath, and slid out of Tom's arms. Tom laid him down and drew him out straight, and gathering up the blood-stained rags, threw them into the cold stove, and sat waiting for morning. When the light came, he took the dead man over his back, and shutting the door of the shack, started down the trail from the claim toward the river. The trail was very slight; the partners had only been holding down the claim for a few weeks, and it was all that Tom could do to keep his feet with the swinging sagging weight on his back. He reached the river, a mere winding stream, and laying Frick in the stern of his boat, and covering him with a coat, he took the oars. It was early morning, and a sheet of white mist steamed up from the water, and was torn and hung in great shreds among the far branches of the evergreens. Through the white stillness they passed slowly down the winding stream. It was a long journey for the rower, with the silence of the woods about him and the silence of the dead beside him; but as evening came, he saw the light of the town below; it was the clear electric star above the first saw-mill. When he brought up at the wharf, a few idlers were standing about.

"What have you got there?" asked one, out of the fulness of his laziness.

Tom lifted his eyes from the expressionless heap in the boat and said, "Tell your coroner to come down here."

They put him into the little strong house with bars across the windows, and questioned him. Then the local press sent "representatives"—the editor and proprietor—to interview him; and the little innocent children came and looked in at him, standing upon boxes for the purpose. He made one clear statement at the inquest; after that he would not talk. Three days later they came to him with the news. He got up slowly.

"You don't understand," said the doctor. "You're a free man."

"Yes, I understand well enough," he answered, turning down toward the river.

"What are you going to do?" asked the doctor, suspiciously.

"I'm goin' up to the claim," he said.

The doctor watched him get into his boat and pull slowly up the river, and still stood watching until man and boat were lost in the solemn pines.

TWO GARGOYLES.

BY MARY WAKEMAN BOTSFORD.

THE abandoned quarry from which they came lies on the mountain's western slope. Slender-fingered vines and a riotous growth of saplings hide the unsightly scar in summer. The first frosts kindle these into crimson bravery, through which show here and there many a bare shoulder of dislodged stone. Then comes the melancholy space, before the early snow covers the ravages of pick and drill, when November, with wailing winds and lowering skies, keeps tryst with winter in the desolate spot, finding it a touch more desolate for the scath that man has wrought.

I.

The original owner of the quarry was a farmer, who ploughed and sowed and harvested by the calendar. One day a neighbor made him an offer for a huckleberry meadow which was bounded on one side by his timothy pasture, and ran some distance up the mountain. It was unprofitable land. Stones cropped out plentifully through a loose scattering of soil, and all manner of weeds throve apace upon it after their prodigal, unthinking fashion.

"He can't want the land for the crop," the farmer commented to his wife, facetiously, after the bargain was closed. Neither the farmer nor his wife knew the value of the harvest that lay there within sight, overgrown with elder and sumac—a richer than they could hope to win from the patient earth with plough and harrow.

The meadow went for a song, and operations were begun upon it at once with drill and blast. As the scar on the mountain grew, the farmer's fortunes waned. His wife's chagrin took deep hold upon her. She had borne the burden of her life without complaint until work was begun on the quarry, and she realized that a fortune had unwittingly slipped through her toil-worn fingers. Her ears were daily vexed with the sound of the blasting, and the growing heap of freshly quarried stone, glittering like new-minted coin, made even the sunlight an offence to her tired eyes. Death gave a welcome surcease of such sights and sounds, and with that the feeble flame of hope and desire for better days died in the farmer's heart.

His barn and out-buildings fell into decay. The plough and harrow rusted under the moss-grown shed, and even the house-dog forgot to bark at the strangers who one dull day invaded the weed-grown door-yard to bid upon the old farm. It was sold for the mortgage to the owner of the quarry.

The farmer, his daughter, and the dog removed to a small house in the town. Smoke from the many factories hung low over the roofs, a sluggish stream discolored with mill refuse slipped by their new dwelling. Mill operatives lounged to and from their work morning and evening, and one, more thriftless than the rest, fell into a habit of halting each day at sunset for a chat with the farmer's daughter.

She was young, and his florid homage flattered her. After she married him the three lived on in the little house, a degree worse off each day, until at length the daughter, borne down with poverty and unavailing regret for the mistake of her marriage, slipped out of life as her mother had done.

After her death her father became a charge upon the town. His mind had utterly failed, but he was harmless. Children christened him the "Quarry Ghost," after a fashion he had of haunting the quarry at all hours of the day and night, his long white hair lying loosely on the shoulders of his shabby coat, his old dog following him feebly.

They found the two there one morning in late November, tracking them by their footsteps in the soft snow. The old man's head rested on a block of newly quarried stone, the dog lay at his feet. Both had been dead some hours. There were no mourners at the grave. The only outward and audible sign of grief was furnished by the perfunctory cemetery bell to which the engine bell of a passing freight train replied like a jangling echo. The train bore from the quarry to an Eastern yard the block upon which the old man's head had rested.

II.

The workman to whom the block was committed had been brought into notice by some bits of *grotesquerie* in stone, showing unusual delicacy of conceit and excellence of execution. He was set above his fellows, and an important order intrusted to him. Out of this block he was to strike a figure for the space above the great doorway of a children's Home, then nearly completed in a crowded quarter of the city where he lived and worked.

The stone was a new consignment of exceptional beauty. It had the smoothness of velvet, and no veins nor morbid freaks of coloring marred its comeliness. Glittering particles leapt out of its heart with every stroke of his hammer upon the chisel. The sunlight glanced from them to the dull-hued granite which lay about, and warmed it into a cheerful glow.

As he wrought, he had a pleasing vision of his completed work. The stone should smile upon him in the face of a little child, with soft hair drifting lightly on his naked shoulders, joy shining out of his clear eyes and in the tender curves of his lips and dimpled chin. He pictured to himself little children gazing up into the happy face and answering its smile with shouts of glee. He let his fancy dwell upon the homeless host of innocents who, passing through the wide portal, should dimly feel that benignant presence, and read a prophecy of hope in its glad eyes. He had worked upon the stone for two days. The third day he went home with a strange pain at his heart. It kept him awake all night, but towards dawn he fell asleep and dreamt of the child. It stretched out dimpled arms to him, its soft lips sought his in a caress—light, yet lingering. He did not wake, and a woman's heart broke when the news travelled across the sea that the workman was dead. She loved him, and he had lived for art and her.

III.

In due time a shepherd's figure filled the space above the doorway of the children's Home. The block of stone into which the workman had wrought his last dream lay untouched in a dusty corner of the workshop. The men regarded it with distrust. Some hinted that it possessed a subtly malefic power, which would bring disaster upon the man who handled it. One, more superstitious than the rest, left the shop, declaring that he could do no good work under the same roof with it.

One day a strange workman brought it to the light and asked its history. To outward seeming it was only a misshapen block of stone, bearing some faint semblance to a human head. He listened indifferently to the story, cleaving the stone the while with swift strong strokes of the hammer and chisel. It fell apart. Stroke by stroke the severed half took on the likeness of a human face, with baleful, gloomy eyes and an evil mouth. The long hair half hid the backward-sloping forehead, the bitter lips seemed framed to a curse which one could almost hear. It was a demon in stone, a marvel of malignity. The more devout of the workmen, gazing upon it, crossed themselves, and muttered a prayer.

"It must have a fellow," the stranger said, surveying his work with a mocking smile.

Under his skilful hand the remaining half of the block grew into the fashion of another face—a woman's face. A first glance at the lovely languorous eyes and faintly derisive lips, the seductive lines of the soft full throat and amorous curls above the low brow, filled one with a longing to look and look again. A second glance revealed its secret. It was sister to the other, and in every curve and lovely line of it one could trace the brother's face. "Evil, evil," it said; "heart-break, ruin, death!"

The strange workman went his way as he had come, and was not seen again. For a time the two heads lay in the shop. The men had taken their work out-of-doors, for it was summer, leaving them in possession of the silent dusty place.

As the sun fell, a brazen beam shot athwart the woman's face, lighting in her eyes an unholy fire. Then the gloom of night crept slowly upon them both, and the workmen swore that the room grew thick with hideous shapes and strange whispers, as if the two held concourse with the very spirits of evil. But by day the man's bitter mouth framed only his mute curse, and the woman's mocking lips told no tale.

IV.

The quarry owner had no friends nor any open foes. His townsmen hated him, but by stealth, for most of them were little better than slaves to do his bidding. His only diversion was the game "beggar my neighbor," at which he had always won. Beginning his career as village usurer when the town was young and its folk feeble, he slowly but surely waxed fat on its prosperity. For him its wheels turned, its looms sang, and its furnaces and chimneys burned and smoked. He lived frugally and alone, silent and saturnine, regarding his fellow-creatures as tools of his ambition. A certain English economist, who has founded a school and given his name to a club, bought land from owners whom he thought unconscious of its true value, and plumed himself on being a philanthropist. The quarry owner never practised self-deception. He had secured his quarry for a trifling sum through the farmer's neighbor confirming the owner in the belief that it was valueless land. Inch by inch he got within his grasp the farmer's house, with the residue of the land. Sheds, derricks, and dumps, cheap boarding-houses for the quarrymen, and a single-track railway to convey the quarry's output to the town, so far changed the face of the peaceful mountain slope that spring came there with reluctant step, and summer searched it vainly for her old familiar haunts. It was an unlovely spot, but the stone quarried there grew more beautiful and of better value with every new revelation of drill and blast.

Why should it not serve its owner for a monument? The thought allured him. He would place it where it should dominate the town—his own town—that men might wonder at his affluence and power. He chose a site overlooking the valley where the town lay submerged in a gray vaporous smoke, and threaded by the dull travesty of a stream, which crept silent and unhurried to the sea. A small army of men were set to work on the foundation, and they made it broad and deep. Then the newly quarried stone was brought there block by block, and the building grew apace. Some said, "He will have a strong house for his gold"; others, "It is his mausoleum," for the walls were grim and high, pierced by narrow windows, unshuttered, like lidless eyes, through which the light shone meagrely. A mad haste consumed him as the work proceeded. He longed to behold the finished edifice. At times he seemed under some strange spell which deprived him of his wonted caution and cunning. When it was reported to him that the great roof was but precariously upheld by its slender girders, he listened with a deaf ear, and only repeated his orders to push forward the work. The wonder grew when he took possession of the huge pile, transferring his goods by night. The towns-people saw his light flickering here and there. The single candle was as effectual as a fire-fly in that vast gloom. "The devil will give him better light by-and-by," they prophesied, with grim pleasantry.

A few days later two faces appeared above the doorway of the quarry-owner's house, carved out of a material so like the doorway itself that they seemed an efflorescence of the stone. They brooded over the place like creatures of ill omen. The doom written on the man's face was foreboded in the woman's upward-curving lips and heavy-lidded eyes. "Hers is the devil's beauty," they said; but at the man's despair they shuddered. The winter wind tore down the valley, heaping white drifts around the lonely pile of stone upon the hill. Dwellers in the town listened at night for the strange cries that the wind bore down to them. Little children when they heard these mysterious voices trembled, and told tales of the quarry owner and the warders of his doorway.

One night, in the bitter space between midnight and a winter dawn, a late farer on the streets of the town looked up to the quarry-owner's house, and saw coffin-shaped gleams of light shining upon the snow beneath its windows. Figures passed before the lights, and leaned out into the night, and one thrust up supplicating hands to the sky. It seemed but an instant before darkness had settled again upon the building's frowning front. Those astir early next morning, looking idly across the thready stream, whose wavering pace the frost had stopped, saw the quarry-owner's house roofless, with shattered windows. They found its lonely tenant dead among the ruins. The roof had fallen during the night, carrying down its weak supports. But no trace of weakness was found in the massive walls; the solid masonry of the foundations was unshaken.

V.

Light shines again through the many windows of the quarry-owner's strange pleasure-house, but light broken by a device of iron set over against the glass in gloomy parallels. No sunshine comes to the rooms within. Men with shuffling step and clanking chains upon their feet traverse the corridors. Two gargoyles peep and peer above the pillars of the doorway. The condemned who pass under the sombre portal read in the lines of the one face their crime, and in the other its penalty. They have been rightly named Desire and Despair.

DISMOUNTED SABRE CONTEST.

(*Continued from page 8.*)

leaders for ten or twenty thousand horsemen; young captains able to make them keep together, and to teach them how to slay the enemy with a big sabre without cutting off their horses' ears at the same time. That is the patriotic work that Captain Roe is doing for the country in educating Troop A; but he is doing a great deal more for the men of the troop.

He takes one hundred young men—fine fellows, of course, or they would not voluntarily bind themselves to wrestle for five years with man's most noble conquest. When other young men are crawling around a ballroom, or devoting their noble energies to forcing pool balls into pockets, Captain Roe's young men are dressed in hot soldiers' clothing, fighting horses, wrestling with each other and with their own tempers, getting tan bark into their mouths and military ardor into their souls, or dreaming, as they stretch their stiff muscles in bed, that they are carving untold Chilians, Englishmen, Indians, and foes generally. When they have finished with the troop, the young men have new sets of muscles in their legs and all through their bodies, also hearts and martial ardors twice the size of those owned by the sons of modern civilization, who have nothing to arouse their military instincts except cab-drivers and elevated railroad guards.

The troop is a sort of a club. Those who are members appoint a committee to decide as to the fitness of applicants for membership. There is in the selection of new troopers an absolute absence of the conventional discrimination which prevails in club elections. The only questions asked are: "Is he a man who will make a fight to stick on his horse, and whom one might be proud to drag in the mire? Will he take a real interest in the troop? Is he the sort of a chap we shall like to sit up with when we are discussing the campaigns of the future? Will he be a credit to the troop?"

No account is taken of the candidate's financial or social standing. In that respect the make up of the troop is most interesting. It is necessary for members to control their time to some extent, and for them to be able to spend a certain amount of money each year. For those reasons the members, without exception, belong to what would be known as the better class, if this were not a blessed country in which the better class is that which has had to do the most climbing. They are practically all college men, which description serves to place them in a republic. Except for a general resemblance as to the conditions that have ruled their educations, they are scattered all along the ladder of American life. There are brokers and brokers' clerks, lawyers and clerks of lawyers; young men whose names are known to the country because of the work that their fathers or grandfathers have done; and more fortunate youngsters who start in life with no such handicap.

Captain Roe is an ideal officer for the work that he has undertaken. He arouses the admiration and the ambition of his men to an extent that must be very gratifying to him if he knows about it. To talk to a Troop A man is to listen to the praises of his Captain sung in many keys. Captain Roe is a West Point man, and before resigning from the regular army studied, as a United States lieutenant, the methods of Mr. Redskin on the war-path. He devotes his time to the troop without any compensation save the thanks of the men of whom he makes soldiers. The men look upon him as a fine model of a soldier, and

CHASING THE RIBBON—A SHARP TURN.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WRESTLING CONTESTS.

CHASING THE RIBBON.

SKETCHES AT THE "CIRCUS OF TROOP 'A.'"—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

it is interesting to note how closely his voice and methods are copied. His beard and eye-glasses can be imitated, but not so easily his voice, which his men most admire. When one of the lieutenants takes his place and gives his orders, the men do not show half their usual spirit, and even the horses seem to feel that it does not make much difference whether they move around briskly and carry themselves proudly or not. The work which the captain exacts from his men is calculated to make real soldiers of them, if work can do it. First, of course, the new man must learn to ride, to get on his horse, to know what to do with his sabre and his other encumbrances. That is the foundation, and it is never very long before the new trooper finds himself riding a horse with no saddle, or with a saddle that is not fastened to the horse, a more serious state of things still. When the recruit knows how to ride, he begins on the games that make a very strong and a very tired man of him. Of these every one is of a kind that will increase his value as a soldier, and he may keep working at them until his five years expire, improving every day.

Of the games and contests that depend almost altogether on the man, the most exciting by far is the wrestling. When one man gets hold of another, and the two horses which carry them start off in opposite directions, there must be a result in a very short time. The possibility of jumping on the horse of the adversary and of dispossessing the owner, as well as other daring feats, make the wrestling very attractive to the young men fond of glory. It never fails to fill the beautiful creatures who attend the public exhibitions with the deepest dread and admiration.

In addition to the wrestling, there are a number of tests that allow the men to try their skill and muscle. In the tug of war four men on horses pull against four other mounted men. The men who sit quite still, without letting their horses move, and wait for the enemy to make some mistake, all the while taking in slack, are pretty sure to win.

The riding at leather heads, placed so as to let the men practise right and left cuts at cavalry and at infantry, are the most war-like demonstrations that the games develop. When a hurdle is added, and the men required to jump their horses over it, at the same time slashing at the head of a leather enemy, the thing becomes very picturesque and dramatic. The objection to it, if there is any, is that it gives too great an advantage to the man who has the most quiet and most even jumper.

What is called "Pursuing," a mounted Jeu de Barre, is the sport most universally liked by the men. One man starts out with a ribbon or handkerchief tied around his arm, and the other, following him, must seize and capture the ribbon without tackling the wearer. In this game, too, the quality of the horse counts for a great deal, but horsemanship counts for much more, and played on horses without saddles, it has great educating qualities. Fencing with foils, broadsword fencing mounted, jumping up behind a mounted man while his horse is galloping, and picking small objects from the ground while going at a gallop on a good-sized horse, are among the exercises that have made of the men in Troop A a body of most brilliant horsemen.

Every other summer the men must take their turns at camping out, and while that lasts they get an idea as to what real war would be like. Every man must be up at four o'clock, groom his own horse, and, in short, lead the life of a private in a regular troop of cavalry on the march.

To soften their lives and spur them on to high aims, the troopers have a regular cavalry band that belongs to them. It is composed of musicians—professional ones—and the treatment which they receive shows that a martial life does not harden the hearts of their employers. They are invariably mounted on careful, conscientious horses, that fear nothing that man, beast, or steam-engine can do.

Such a concern as Troop A is very much more interesting than the ocean, because in the ocean all the drops are alike, whereas in this troop they are all different. It is necessary to go somewhat into personal detail to show what fine and variegated material Captain Roe has to work with.

Of his two lieutenants, there is First Lieutenant Oliver B. Bridgman. He is in the woollen trade. It is satisfactory to reflect that a line of life that brings a man constantly in contact with sheep cannot quench an American's fondness for war. Second Lieutenant Henry Herbert Balch is another business man. He is in the cordage business. He is a very fine soldier.

The sergeants are interesting and varied. Sergeant Howard G. Badgley, when free from war's alarms, is a very big real-estate man in Harlem, and Sergeant John I. Holly is the president of a life-insurance company. He is the treasurer of the troop, and one of the hardest workers in it, although he rarely performs when lovely woman is on hand with her spy-glass. Mr. Holly proves the enthusiasm which the troop inspires in its members. He is probably forty years old.

Among the corporals is R. Marquand. He represents Wall Street, as do many others. Marquand & Skeehan is the Marquand that he is, and he is also a man who belongs to what may be called the cowboy element in the troop.

Of the cowboys there are a number, all very good riders, of course. G. A. Ward, one of the most brilliant and conspicuous riders in the troop, F. H. Lee, and C. A. Watrous, all belong to the band of experienced men who have known what it was to chase a cow so far that death seemed no longer terrible. Mr. Watrous is all by himself in the troop, the only one entitled to the title *sui generis*, except the life-insurance man. He is the only newspaper man, and is looked upon with a respectful awe as a sort of male She, able to raise his hand and leave a white mark of care on the brow of all hands. As a private person, Mr. Watrous is the financial editor of a daily newspaper; as a soldier, he is one with a passion for taking his steed over hurdles, at the same time sabring leather balls that represent human heads.

There is instruction in looking down the roster of the troop as it is alphabetically arranged. There is C. S. Bryan, another broker; Sharp & Bryan he is, and it is plain that life in Wall Street makes men martial. Then comes F. R. Coudert, Jun. He is one of the most popular men in the troop. He is a good fencer with foils, and an all-round swordsman, and as a rider he contradicts the impression cherished by Englishmen and some others that the French cannot ride. The fallacy of that idea is demonstrated very thoroughly at Saumur and all over France. Young Mr. Coudert demonstrates it here. Martin J. S. De Garmendia is one of the best men physically in the troop, if not the very best. He goes in for all the forms of sport that troop life brings him in contact with, and for many others as well. W. S. Jones, Jun., is the man of Wall Street who is picturesquely known as Calamity Jones. He is a worker. In a recent troop contest he took the first prize in the competition for jumping hurdles and sabring heads. That competition requires some qualities. Mr. W. S. Jones, Jun., has them.

Mr. Harry McVickar presents a very interesting mental combination. He is a soldier of considerable fierceness, and at the same time is the steady company of two of the arts. One is painting, and the other, which is an important art in this country, is real estate. E. L. Patterson is the son of the judge of the Supreme Court, also an undaunted soldier. I. N. P. Stokes, whose last initial is frequently changed to a V by fellow-warriors, for the purposes of easy and brilliant wit after hard work, is the son of Anson Phelps Stokes, of whom many have heard. S. V. P. Trowbridge is the architectural man in the troop. He knows how to construct things, and will be very valuable when the troop gets rich and proud, and decides to put up a million-dollar house for itself.

Those are some of the names that attract attention as the list is gone over, and there are many others, owned by men just as interesting, able, and renowned, that are not dwelt on because of a lack of information at the command of the scribe. For instance, Corporal Fuller, C. G. Williams, and W. T. Eldridge, with C. S. Bryan make a most invincible tug-of-war team; and of the others, almost every one has his specialty that helps to make the troop a more brilliant institution than it would be without him. The reason of it is that competition and pride make them all work hard, and when a young man of this land, carefully selected and well instructed, works hard, a fine result must follow.

For those who would like to know whether they could join the troop, these hard facts may be of value: A man must agree to work with the troop for five years, as he does when entering the militia in the ordinary way. At the same time, and without any desire to make anybody plunge hastily into the thing, it may be mentioned that it is not very difficult to get out with an honorable discharge before the five years are up. That is not due to any lack of discipline, or to a desire to make it easy for the men. It comes from the fact that the number of men to be in the troop at the same time is limited to 100, and that there is always a long list of men waiting to get in—men who bless the name of any trooper who is so thoughtful as to get out and make room. It rarely happens that any man leaves for any but a serious reason; nevertheless, if fate overtakes a brave soldier, and he finds himself engaged to a young woman who makes him promise that he will no longer risk the neck which has gone up so much in value, he can manage to get free.

The troop is regularly enrolled as a part of the State militia, and the State bears the larger part of the young soldiers' expenses. In the way of uniform, the troopers receive from the State without cost everything but their boots. These they must pay for. They are the regulation boots, and cost $15 a pair. The uniform is the regulation thing, with nothing fancy in the way of unearned epaulets or frills of any sort. Each man gets a horse from the State at the rate of $60 a year, the horse being at his disposition whenever needed for drill or parade. If the warrior has his own charger, he has to pay only $12 a year toward defraying such expenses of the troop as the State does not provide for. Every man must drill twice a week, unless he has an excuse satisfactory to the captain, and do his duty in camp. He has an equal chance with all other members to work up to the proud title of corporal, sergeant, or lieutenant. The most satisfactory thing about it all is that each man knows that he knows something about fighting on horseback, and that if the country got into trouble, he would not only be able to do more than the average in the way of repelling the invader, but that, beyond all question, he would be made an officer at once, that he would serve his country on top of a horse, and very likely boss those who in the times of silly peace bossed him. No man can be insensible to the prospect of riding away from home and friends on a foaming charger, with the men who used to be his equals tagging humbly behind him.

A practical attraction of the troop is the opportunity that it offers to men to make good riders of themselves. Every self-respecting young man of to-day looks forward confidently to the time when horses will be very plentiful with him, and it has no doubt occurred to many of the troopers that it is fine to master so thoroughly an accomplishment which will enable them to enjoy their wealth when it comes pouring in. Only ten or twelve men in the troop ride their own horses.

In concluding an account of an institution which arouses one's sympathy, it is always very pleasing to discover some feature about it that may be favorably presented to the judgment of the philosopher and of the general deep thinker. Troop A is very fine in that line. For instance, compare its methods of preparing fighters with the methods that prevail in the old and effete countries. In Germany or in France they take the young man away from his work before he has had a chance to learn how to do anything except smoke. He must work constantly at his soldier studies. The result is that he takes no interest in the task which is forced upon him, and takes twice as long as is necessary to learn his military lesson. Meanwhile the country is losing the work that he might be doing, he is wasting precious time, and there is a loss all around. Troop A takes the young man, fills him with ambition, and instead of interfering with his work or depriving the country of any part of his services, puts him in a physical condition to do a great deal more and better work than would be possible if he were not soldiering at the same time. With enough troops like the one that has been told about, we can get up an army that won't cost much, that will not be a mass of men wasted to the country, but men who, when the time comes, will do as much fighting as may be required, and do it gladly and well.

A SUFFICIENT EULOGY.

"DEAD at his post of duty." 'Tis enough;
What finer eulogy? All the boast
Of pomp and glory seems but idle breath
Beside the quiet dignity of death,
Where death and duty blend—solution most
Complete of all life's problems. 'Tis enough.
Dead; and at his post.

FREDERIC W. PANGBORN.

BOHEMIAVILLE.

A SUGGESTION.

A CHRONICLER of the days of the good Haroun-al-Raschid, seated on a minaret of his paradise, with a list of New York real-estate quotations spread out before him, would be seized with an impulse to write the story of our prosperity in jewelled characters on cloth of gold. And if he should describe Manhattan as an island overlaid with precious metals and encrusted with diamonds, there would be little fault to find with the metaphor beyond its audacity. In a down-town district, but a short time ago, land sold for $20,000 per frontage foot, the entire lot, twenty by one hundred feet, bringing $400,000. Uptown, in a choice neighborhood, about the same time, $50,000 was the price paid for a frontage of twenty feet by one hundred in depth. Thus have the inexorable demands of traffic and the needs of huddling thousands for sleeping-room and shelter transmuted the soil beneath the New-Yorker's feet into auriferous strata, whose value stated in figures becomes almost too dazzling for belief. We have all but reached the condition when only two classes can exist in New York—the extremely rich and the very poor; those who can afford to pay more than an average income in rent and those who can endure suffocating existence in dingy cribs of glutted tenements. For the great middle class Harlem, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and their suburbs have become outlets. But tens of thousands of poor who remain in the city are yoked to discomforts that excite their discontent and make their presence a constant menace. A pressing problem of urban civilization, therefore, is the manner and measure of the aid that may be rendered the uncontaminated and industrious—that large element in the city who are eager but powerless to help themselves out of the slough of destitution, and whom society ought, for its own safety, to emancipate before they become hopelessly infected with the virus of their surroundings. The problem is that of every great municipality as well as our own. London is concerned in its solution; and the colonization scheme of General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, is still engaging the thought of Great Britain. The principal objectors to that scheme among Londoners are said to be the poor themselves. They are averse to transportation beyond the sea, looking upon it as a cheerless exile. Among New York's poor, so many of whom are of foreign birth, it might be supposed that this objection would not obtain; but the gregarious instinct, that leads many of them to starve in a city who might fare well on a farm, is of itself powerful enough to defeat any attempt to relieve that class by deportation—say, to the distant West. It is reasonably certain, however, that numbers of them would combine in colonies that might be formed within a short distance of the city. Of late, inquiry has arisen respecting land suitable for such colonies in the vicinity of New York. It is perhaps needless to remind the reader that there are some 447,000 acres of waste lands in Suffolk County, Long Island. They are now covered with stunted pines, scrub-oak, and underbrush. If tillable, these barren acres are advantageously situated for the experiment of colonization. The question as to their possible fertility has been answered both ways; and it is rapidly appearing, if not already demonstrated, that those who denied their productiveness under proper cultivation have been in error. Years ago Governor John A. Dix called the attention of the New York State Agricultural Society to these lands. He said: "A most extraordinary delusion has prevailed in regard to the productiveness of the central portion of this district [Long Island]—a delusion natural enough to those who know it only by description; for one of the historians of the island pronounced it a 'vast, barren plain,' with a soil 'so thin and gravelly that it cannot be cultivated by any known process.' And yet the surface soil of this whole region, with some inconsiderable exceptions, consists of a rich loam, from twenty to thirty inches in depth, easily cultivated and made highly productive without immoderate manuring."

Since Governor Dix wrote, many successful experiments in cultivation of these lands have confirmed his judgment. None of these can have more interest for the sociologist than that of the Bohemian colony, situated midway between Ronkonkoma and Sayville, in what is now a fertile garden spot that bursts unexpectedly on the view—an oasis in a dense and dreary wilderness of dwarfed oaks and prolific underbrush. This community was formed a score of years ago under circumstances the most unpromising. Near the picturesque little round lake called Ronkonkoma, so deep that local legend pronounces it unfathomable, and whose outlet has never been discovered, lies Lakeland, a hitherto wild tract of scrub and furze, on which it was proposed to establish a colony. Among those who were induced to purchase land there, in the days when romantically worded advertisements described it as an Eden, were three Bohemian families who had arrived in this country but a short time before. The heads of these families were John Kertochvil, Joshua Wavra, and Joseph Houla. They were honest, credulous folk, unfamiliar with the wiles of the "boomer," and they purchased their land unseen, on his representations. But when, in the waning autumn, they and their wives and little ones beheld Lakeland, its only harvest frost-tinted, sun-dried, crinkling leaves, their hopes sickened, and they would have returned to New York if they could. But they were without means to support themselves in the city. Hence, indifferent where it might be found, they sought more promising territory toward the south, and after wandering a distance of three miles, they knelt in the woods to implore divine direction. By common impulse they were moved to choose the spot where they thus knelt as the centre of their settlement. The men plodded back to Lakeland, and thence laboriously brought their personal effects, the more important of which were a canvas tent and a cooking stove. When shelter was thus secured, and an attempt made to kindle a fire, it was sorrowfully discovered that there was not a match in the colony; and all Bohemia laughs to this day when the story is told of John Kertochvil seizing his musket and firing the charge into the grate, thus providentially kindling the fire while running the risk of blowing the precious stove to pieces.

The men found work on the Great South Bay near by, or on the farms of the south-side gentry; and before long each family dwelt in its primitive hut, and men and women unitedly labored to clear the land and prepare it for a crop. The narrative of their struggle would be monotonous. Enough that it was successful. Gradually their numbers were re-enforced by other families of their countrymen, until there are now fifty-two houses and two hundred and fifty settlers in the colony. Pretty little dwellings they are, too, surrounded by trim gardens and patches of land yielding crops of corn, potatoes, and other vegetables as bountiful as can be found anywhere. The area of Bohemiaville is 1300 acres, 300 of which are under cultivation. A commodious school building and a public hall evidence the progressive spirit of the villagers, some of whom are Old Catholics and others Hussites. Both sects have neat chapels, the Hussite element espousing the forms of episcopacy under the superintendence of the Rev. John H. Prescott, rector of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, Sayville. Although English is alone taught in their school, they cling to their mother tongue and to the customs of fatherland, while all ardently cherish the memory of John Huss, a statue of whom they are about to erect in the centre of the village, for which a generous sum has been subscribed by themselves.

S. GIFFARD NELSON.

AMATEUR SPORT

One is expected, at this particular time of the year, to put aside consideration of current events, and give one's self up to retrospective reverie. Imbued with the joy-laden atmosphere of the season, the holiday reader shuns the realistic imprint of the daily grind, and seeks refuge in rapt contemplation of an idealized past. The pleasures of yesterday grow brighter viewed from the joyousness of the festal week, while the cares, the worries, and the miseries lighten against the shade of the unexplored to-morrow. The richest gold mines are always the farthest from home; happy is the Micawber ever setting out to stake off a claim!

But, then, we have nothing to do with Micawber or his gold mines in this department; the joys or sorrows of the world are nothing to us forsooth! What have we in common with Niobe's tears? Sport is our mission, and La Cigale our patron saint.

Eighteen ninety-one goes out with an enviable record on the annals of amateur sport. No year has shown greater progress in every branch. The standard of skill in each has been raised materially, but, best of all, the status of the amateur has become infinitely enhanced. How gratifying the improvement is, none but those of us that have followed him through all his struggles and temptations will thoroughly appreciate. We have seen him sorely tried in the hour of need, when the pleadings of the few were well-nigh silenced in the shouts of the many; but as time has worn on, the many have come to realize the soundness of the arguments of the few; and, behold! to-day all are united in the support of the amateur—first, last, and always.

The ice-yachting season of '90–'91 is the one record in this year of sport that falls below the standard. Coming in like the proverbial lion, it went out qu te as meekly as the conventional lamb. There was great promise of fine sport at first, but the hopes of the yachtsmen were not fulfilled. Even the Challenge Pennant, representing the championship of the world, remained unclaimed, owing to the lack of wind and proper ice, while the many races planned to settle club rivalries were left unsettled.

The New York Athletic Club began the new year auspiciously by passing a resolution limiting boxing prizes to twenty-dollar medals, and continued in the good work when, finding later that the boxers refused to appear without side inducements of "nuggets" or "orders," it passed another resolution, refusing to countenance the farce of an alleged amateur, with no cloak to hide his professional nakedness save that which the A. A. U. threw about him, and declaring itself in favor of calling a spade a spade. The N. Y. A. C. has since, for its entertainments of that kind, hired professionals, and paid them in cash for their work.

In the mean time the Amateur Athletic Union was distinguishing itself by reinstating professionals, a notable instance being Harry Fredericks, while Malcolm Ford continued disqualified. Later, after vain casting on every side for evidence, the A. A. U. reinstated Mr. Ford, after having made itself the laughing-stock of the country. In February we were treated to the novelty of amateurs exhibiting themselves at lacrosse, in conjunction with some low-rate Indian professionals, under the management of the Madison Square Garden Amusement Company, which graciously donated to each player "pieces of jewelry valued at thirty dollars," and for which outlay it was reimbursed by the sight-seeing public at so much per head. The amateurs were suspended, and shortly afterwards considerately reinstated on the plea of ignorance of having transgressed the amateur ruling. It reminds one of the plea of the thief who excuses his stealing to the judge by declaring his inability to read. Honest men do not require laws to keep them from stealing. Gentlemen do not need A. A. U.'s to teach them where the amateur ends or the professional begins.

On February 23d, after the reorganization of the Amateur Athletic Union had gone into effect, the formation of the Metropolitan Association occurred at a meeting which has passed into history as rivalling the most noisome political gathering in the city's lower wards. A resolution passed making the local Board of Managers twenty-five, gave the balance of power to the most undesirable element in amateur athletics, and there has been high jinks ever since. The most satisfactory ruling of the year was the resolution of the A. A. U. prohibiting Sunday games, and the consequent disqualification of all athletes taking part in them.

Some very fast running was done during the year. Luther Cary, M. A. C., ran 75 yards in $7\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, beating the old record of $7\frac{3}{4}$; 100 yards once in $9\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, and again in $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, equalling John Owen, Jun.'s world's record; and 220 yards in $21\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, beating the world's record of $21\frac{4}{5}$, held by C. G. Wood, an Englishman, and the American record of 22 seconds, held by Wendell Baker. Records have not yet been given for these. Walter Dohm, N. Y. A. C., ran a number of half-miles in wonderfully good time, and supplanted his own—the American—record of $1.55\frac{1}{4}$ by doing $1.54\frac{1}{5}$. The best quarter-mile performance was $49\frac{1}{5}$ by George B. Shattuck, of Amherst. H. L. Williams, N. Y. A. C., established the world's record of $15\frac{1}{5}$ seconds over the 120-yard hurdles, and J. P. Lee, N. Y. A. C., at Cambridge, is said to have covered the 220 hurdles in $24\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, though he has made no claim to supplant his accepted record of $25\frac{1}{4}$ seconds made the year before. E. L. Sarre, M. A. C., created a new record over the 440-yards low hurdles of $58\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, supplanting L. E. Meyers's time of 1 minute $1\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., distanced all others by his great performances with the hammer and 56-pound weight, throwing the former 139 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the latter 34 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, both records. He hurled the weight 35 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches at St. Louis, but the ground was not level. George Gray, N. Y. A. C., raised the world's record with the 16-pound shot to 46 feet $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches. After C. S. Rebers, P. A. C., world record of 23 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the performances in the running broad jump and pole vault were not extraordinary, though Victor Mapes did 22 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the former, and Ryder, of Yale, did 10 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the latter. J. H. Clausen, of a Boston athletic club, increased the running hop, step, and jump record from 44 feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches to 45 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

In the running high jump, George R. Fearing, of Harvard, and Alva Nickerson, N. Y. A. C., and H. L. Hallock, M. A. C., have all cleared 6 feet, and the former making a record of 6 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches on boards. Edwards, N. J. A. C., is a coming man at this game. T. P. Conneff, M. A. C., did a mile in 4 minutes $21\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, equalling the American record, but made no especially noteworthy performance in longer distances simply because he was never pushed. With the close of the year comes the announcement that Conneff intends turning professional. He is a foolish boy. There is no money nowadays in professional foot-racing, and he might better have tried to make something of himself in a business way. T. J. Shearman, M, A. C., despite his club's English importation, Curtis, showed himself to be the coming man, winning nearly every mile event, and making a record of 6 minutes $42\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. At the Intercollegiate championships ten new records were made, two of them world's, and Harvard captured the cup by scoring 46 points to Yale's 25, Princeton's 22, Columbia's 19, and Amherst's 6. In the Canadian championships five Canadian records were broken and one equalled, while the American championships at St. Louis showed the poorest performances, so far as time is concerned, of the year. This was owing entirely to the fact that the events were run off on a horse-race track, which was very heavy, and utterly unfit for record-breaking.

The skating outlook of last season was decidedly more pleasing than it is this, with our rainy Christmas and fogs thick enough to satisfy the most pronounced Anglo maniac. In the figure-skating championship, G. D. Phillips, N. Y. A. C., and Louis Rubenstein, the Canadian champion, each scored 71 points, making the first tie since 1864. The majority of the distance events were won by Joe Donoghue, M. A. C., whose speed and endurance are unequalled by any skater in the world, as his victorious tour of Europe for two seasons under M. A. C. colors proved. In racquets Boston put forth a champion, Mr. J. S. Tooker, who utterly astonished sportsmen by winning a match in the championship series, in the New York Racquet Club courts, from the champion, Mr. B. Spalding de Garmendia, who was considered invincible. Mr. Tooker won the championship of his own club from Mr. L. H. Morgan; but in the final game in New York for the national championship, Mr. de Garmendia's superior steadiness and finished playing were too much for him.

The committee appointed to revise the game laws of this State gave evidence that at least the new year, with its conventional expectations of new leaves, etc., had not been entirely lost on them. In the first recommendation made to the Legislature the killing of does and fawns was prohibited, two bucks only were allowed each sportsman, the hounding season was considerably shortened, jacking was stricken off the list, and still further protection was given by the law forbidding the shipping of game unless accompanied by the sportsman. The omission of jacking, however, raised such a howl among the hotel-keepers in the Adirondacks, who felt their trade would be ruined with this very sportsman-like recreation of the city gunners vetoed, that the committee could not withstand the pressure, and sent in a second report, which included jacking. Some strange laws were passed, making different opening days for the upland game. It does not take much of a student of these matters to know that when the average man goes afield, he shoots whatever may be in sight. There are, of course, honorable exceptions to this, and no thorough sportsman would kill game out of season. But those men known as "city chaps," who go afield once a year, probably for a day or two as they go to the seashore, in the first place, nine times out of ten don't know one bird from another, whether it's in season or out, and are not likely to concern themselves about it if they do.

Some effort was made to induce an English team of polo-players to come over for an international match, but whether because we have grown so much stronger since the last match, or whether the Englishmen consider we owe them a return game, nothing came of the attempt. Mr. Foxhall Keene, who was abroad, tried his best to induce the invasion, but to no purpose. At this writing Mr. Keene is contemplating spending the winter abroad, and very likely another attempt to get the English polo-players over here will be made. As a matter of fact, we really do owe them a game on their home grounds. An American team has never been abroad, and a second coming of the Englishmen would be very courteous. There is little reason why we should not send over a team. The season of '91 showed great improvement in individual and team play. A revision of the handicaps published in April added considerably to every man's penalty. Some of the matches through the season were fine exhibitions of the game, but the dates were not filled nearly so satisfactorily as they were the year previous. In many instances the playing devolved on the teams of the immediate vicinity, and the players of Philadelphia and Boston had little benefit of meeting the stronger teams of the Association. It seems as though considerable improvement could be made in the arrangement and general make-up of the schedule.

College baseball opened with an ominous cloud hanging over the destinies of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale, which eventually broke into an open storm, and severed the baseball relations of Harvard and Princeton and Harvard and Yale. Harvard indulged in some very unfortunate legislation, such as annulling the dates the captain of the nine, Dudley S. Dean, had made with Princeton, and as this affected the earlier contract made with Yale, the consequence was that Harvard played neither of the other two universities. Both the Yale and Princeton nines were strong, and the three games played at Princeton, New Haven, and New York—resulting in a victory for each nine on its home grounds, and the winning of Princeton in the final by a score of 5–2—were the finest exhibitions of the game given by any amateur teams in the country. Princeton's victory was an event in her history, for it was the first baseball triumph over Yale in about ten years.

In the mean time the friends of a dual athletic arrangement between Yale and Harvard had been working industriously to perfect an agreement by which the two would meet annually for a competition in track and field athletics. The result was a Deed of Gift, drawn up March 28th, by which the two universities entered into an arrangement to compete nine years for the University Track Athletic Cup. A cut of the cup and full explanatory text may be found in Harper's Weekly of December 26, 1891.

The baseball muddle very fortunately had no effect on the pleasant relations between the boating authorities of Yale and Harvard, and the crews worked hard for the New London prize. Both universities had much green material, and neither showed particularly noteworthy form in the earlier part of the season. Yale felt her deficiency to such an extent that all the candidates spent their Easter vacation at Philadelphia, under the coaching of Bob Cook, instead of indulging in the seasonable and lighter recreation of cracking eggs. Harvard did nothing so unusual, but worked diligently all the available time on the St. Charles. Three weeks before the race Yale's form was much in advance of Harvard, and it seemed likely she would repeat the annual victory. Ten days before the race the Harvard men took on a wonderful brace, and five days before the eventful day they were pulling in such unison and with so much strength, their winning seemed probable, notwithstanding Yale's prestige, traditions, etc. Harvard did win by twelve lengths in 21 minutes, 23 seconds, and for the first time in six years. It was a well-earned victory, the only regret being that the Harvard crew was not pushed more in the last two miles, for we should like to have seen how fast it could row. As it was, it pulled strongly and well together, giving one the impression of having considerable in reserve. As there will be practically the same crew this year, however, representing the crimson, we may have an opportunity of seeing just how fast it can really travel.

Yachtsmen of this country, just at the opening of the season, were shocked by the untimely death in Boston of Edward Burgess. It is not putting it too strongly to say that American yachting lost its most skilful designer, and our reputation as the premier yachting nation its ablest defender. The history of American yachting, its rise from insignificant proportions to the greatest on earth, is so interwoven with the name of Burgess that no language I might use could prove too strong a tribute to his genius. His boats defended our national cup against England's swiftest champions, and his designs indeed remodelled the entire fleet of our racing yachts. He passed away as he had completed four yachts of the class which was destined to absorb all attention during the season; 1891 was essentially the year of the 46-footer. Nothing else in yachting circles was probably thought of, certainly not talked of, unless it was the great speed the old sloop *Volunteer* developed in her schooner rig in the Goelet Cup race off Newport. The performances of the 46-footers, however, were, with the exception of *Gloriana*, very erratic. Each made some very good races and some very poor ones. Each finished first and last against the other, *Alborak* excepted. There was but one choice for first place, and that was *Gloriana*; in all kinds of weather, and against each and every one, she was invariably a winner. It was to be expected her lines would be copied, and the coming season promises some rare sport among those modelled after her.

Until the championships at Newport, the tennis season failed to create a great deal of interest. Tournaments were as numerous as ever, but the scarcity of first-class players and indifference of spectators raised a query in the minds of many whether tennis has the elements to sustain popular enthusiasm. The most noteworthy tournaments of the year, aside from Newport, were those of the Country Club of Westchester, Nahant, the Longwood Cricket Club, and the women's championships at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, which resulted in Miss Cahill winning the singles, and, with Mrs. Fellowes Morgan, the doubles. O. S. Campbell won the Tropical Championship for the third time, and defended his title of national champion against the very skilful play of Clarence Hobart, who had defeated F. H. Hovey. Two features of the season were the surprisingly good play of the Hall brothers, especially E. L., and the disappointing form of R. P. Huntington and W. P. Knapp, neither of whom did himself justice.——Pony-racing, under A. P. R. A. auspices, which had begun so well in '90, rather languished during '91, owing to the continued efforts of the Association to cram their ideas down the throats of sportsmen, and their obstinacy in adhering to a policy utterly impracticable in this country. When the A. P. R. A. modifies its present register restrictions, insists on amateur jockeys, and weeds out the professional element, pony-racing will flourish, and not before.——In October, the country sustained a cricket invasion by a team of second-class English players, which, however, were quite good enough to turn contests with all elevens outside of Philadelphia into a ridiculous walk-over. The first match in the Quaker City resulted in an easy victory for the home team, but it evidently turned the heads of the Philadelphians, for, what with changing the team and an enlarged idea of their prowess, the Englishmen turned the tables on them in the second match.

The football season opened with a still greater display of general interest than even last year developed. The especial feature of the season was the marked improvement in team and individual play among the small universities, the elevens of the preparatory schools showing form that a few years ago would have been creditable to the 'varsities. The rupture of athletic relations between Harvard and Princeton continuing, no game was arranged between the two. Harvard had magnificent individual material, which had not been handled to the best advantage, and she lost to Yale at Springfield, 10–0. Yale's team play was the finest ever seen on the field, and she won from Princeton's strong but green eleven, 19–0.——So far as it went, the Horse Show was a great success. The week, however, seemed more signalized by its being the occasion of society's triumphant return to the city than by being the annual event which shows what we are doing in this country towards bettering our horses. Of society's especial horses there were a plenty, but, aside from those, the show was sadly remiss. Society's horses are necessary, but they don't haul our trucks, nor draw our road wagons, nor replenish the cavalry. There is room for big improvement in our annual Horse Show.——The hunting season closed with the most satisfactory results from all the clubs, improvement in hounds and horses and increased fields being especially noteworthy.——Reports from many sections give a decided decrease in game, and the question where our future supply is to come from is daily becoming more important. The market gunner is dealing destruction wherever he may, and the fisherman with his nets is depleting many a stream. Unless some stringent laws are made shortly in Canada, killing salmon will be a sport practically of the past, while in this country ruffed grouse are yearly growing beautifully less. The formation of clubs and buying of large tracts of land have done a great deal towards preserving our game, but we need stringent laws and fearless, honest officers to keep our streams and fields from becoming barren under the assaults of the pot-hunters.——It was particularly fitting that the close of the year should discover the white-winged dove of peace fluttering over Princeton's campus with an offering from Harvard, and it was highly gratifying to all of us that the bells which rang in the new year of '92 should likewise sound the plighting of their athletic troth.——A Happy New-Year to all may it indeed be!

Caspar W. Whitney.

SENATOR PRESTON B. PLUMB.

The senior Senator from the State of Kansas, who died of apoplexy at Washington on Sunday, December 20th, was a typical politician of the period, alike energetic in affairs of state and of private business. Statesman, lawyer, banker, and speculator, he achieved success in all the lines of effort to which he directed his powers. It is something to say of a man of this kind in an age when financial scandal has touched the reputation of so many public men moving in a sphere of large activities, that no such taint has ever attached to his diversified career. His personal uprightness was matched by his political honesty and independence, and though an ardent Republican, fealty to party was generally made second to convictions of the public weal.

Senator Plumb was, in common with many prominent Americans, a self-made man. He was born in Ohio in 1837, and received merely a common-school education. At the age of twelve years he entered that avenue which has conducted so many of his compatriots to distinction, the printer's trade, and after an apprenticeship of three years he became editor of the Xenia *News*. In 1856 the young man migrated to Kansas, a time and a region convulsed with the hottest elements of public strife, for the great war was then brewing in that preliminary duel of sectional interests which made the name of the then Territory a national battle-cry. He established the Emporia *News* in 1857, and plunged into the thick of the fight as a radical Free State politician. He was secretary of the Free State Convention of Lawrence in 1857, and a member of the Leavenworth Constitutional Convention in 1859, and in both capacities signalized his ability, though a very young man. Shortly after beginning legal practice, in 1861, he was elected to the State Legislature, and served with credit as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. In the second year of the war Mr. Plumb was prominent in raising the Eleventh Kansas Cavalry, and rose during the three years of his service to be Lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, of which the Colonel's commission reached him on the eve of mustering out. Colonel Plumb was a brave and capable officer, but probably found a more congenial sphere in the smoke of civil strife. He served two successive terms in the Kansas Legislature, one as Speaker, and was a leader in the agitation which ended in giving suffrage to the negro by an amendment of the State Constitution. In 1868 he was active, too, in carrying the Legislature in favor of Andrew Johnson's impeachment.

After practising law for four years, in partnership with Judge Ruggles, Colonel Plumb was compelled by ill health to enter another vocation, and was elected in 1873 to be president of the Emporia National Bank. Here he remained till 1877. But in the mean time his keen interest in public affairs kept him to the fore as a powerful factor in the politics of the State. In 1872, which witnessed a split in the Republican ranks, he was an ardent Greeley partisan, believing, with many other men of his party, that the dominant faction was false to its traditions. In 1876 he was a member of the Republican State Convention, and during the Presidential canvass which resulted in the election of Mr. Hayes, he stumped the State with great energy, proving one of the most efficient of the party spokesmen. His political zeal and ability met their reward in 1877 by an election to the United States Senate, to which body he was returned three times successively, more than three years unserved remaining of his last term. Though the name of Senator Plumb was not prominently associated with any of the greater political measures which have stamped the legislation of the last ten years, he impressed himself on those familiar with his record as a man of indefatigable industry, good judgment, and mastery of detail. He was always a power in the committee room, where the fundamental work of legislation is done, even though he made no attempt to shine in forensic display or the fisticuffs of debate. At different times he was a member of the Committee on Appropriations, the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, Executive Departments, Meat Products, and Administrative Service of the Senate. He was also Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. Though in accord with his party as a protectionist, in his economical views Senator Plumb diverged widely from the extreme high-tariff zealots. It is understood that it was owing to his determined opposition that some of the more offensive details of the McKinley bill were modified before final passage. Senator Plumb, in addition to his public duties, to which he gave loyal devotion, was always in the thick of private business, mining, and industrial schemes, railway enterprises, etc., in pursuit of which he amassed considerable wealth. It was this twofold strain on his mind which probably proved too much for a naturally rugged physique, and killed him in the prime of his powers, leaving a wife and five children, as well as a large circle of political friends of both parties, to mourn his untimely death.

THE LATE SENATOR PRESTON B. PLUMB, FROM KANSAS.
From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

THE GOELET RACING CUP FOR SCHOONERS.—[See Page 7.]

A COLOSSAL STATUE OF FRANKLIN.

The centre of the main entrance of the Electricity Building at the Columbian Fair will be surmounted by a statue of Franklin twenty-one feet in height and cast in plaster. The sculptor is Carl Rohl Smith, a Dane, who has studied in all the great art centres in Europe. Among his other works are a colossal statue of Henry Montgomery, of Memphis; a portrait bust of Young E. Allison; a statue of Judge Reed, of Louisville; and a memorial of the heroes of Alamo, at Austin, Texas.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE FRANKLIN STATUE FOR THE ROOF OF THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

He was so young in years and experience that his self-confidence had as yet received no severe shaking. He had been but a short time in the city; a fact that he thought militated against him, and which he accordingly strove to conceal even from himself. But in that short time he had obtained a clerkship in a wholesale house; he had given his employers satisfaction, and had been complimented by them. So he felt sure of steady employment and of ultimate advancement, and was very well satisfied with himself.

He was on the night force, and did not leave the store until three o'clock mornings. Then, in pleasant weather, he would walk up to his boarding-place. He had the vigor of untried youth, and liked the exercise. And he could walk the streets at that hour without jostling, and could think as he walked.

This morning his thoughts were pleasant. They took the form of hopes. They possessed him so fully that, looking ahead a few years, he perceived himself a rich man. He had now a position; that was the first victory. And he was already living within his income; that was the first necessity. He had something saved already; it wasn't much, but he had earned it all. The dollars seemed of double weight on that account. And this hoard was growing; there was nearly one hundred dollars. He had it in a box at his boarding-place, for he would not risk carrying such a sum in his pocket. When it was an even hundred dollars he would bank it. That would be an excellent start; there were plenty of rich men, he had heard, who started with less. He resolved to make deposits of a hundred dollars each as often as he might. That was the way to achieve independence.

Independence! He cut the air with his walking-stick. He felt strong at the thought—strong to resist the city's lures for his earnings. He stepped along more briskly and firmly. There were so many drains on a man's purse unless the man kept it tied tightly. There was that habit of almsgiving; senseless, he told himself. He had guiltily slipped a nickel to a beggar a few times; but that was when he was looking for work himself, and—well, he had a sort of fellow-feeling for the unlucky devils. But hereafter none of that; he would be governed by the law of self-preservation. The firm he worked for recognized that rule of life; they had a card displayed conspicuously that read, "All applicants for aid are referred to the charity organizations." How easily he might fritter away amounts he could not afford on beggars, impostors—people he knew nothing about, with whom he had now nothing in common! Hereafter when a hand was stretched out to him, he would tell the applicant to go to the—the charity organization. There the pitiful story might be sifted; he really hadn't time for it if he would become independent.

He strode smartly along, imbued with the sense of coming success. He was in the heart of one of those moments common to mankind when he could with gravity believe almost any great thing of himself. But the idea of wealth predominated. His very boot heels clinked like dropping metal on the flags. If the facts did not warrant an aggravated case of wealth, he at least suffered all the symptoms.

A young fellow came down the street with a quick step, and met the one coming up near an electric light. Both stopped. The one coming down opened his mouth to speak, stammered a little, and then went on with a clear, old-country accent: "Beg pardon, sir! I came over from Scotland three weeks ago—I thought I should fall into a situation—and now my last cent is gone."

He made the bare curt statement with no taint of the professional whine. He was either the worst amateur or the ablest expert. He was dressed well enough, and he looked straight at the one coming up as he spoke. And the one coming up did not take his eyes from the one coming down. Accosted at that hour of the morning, he naturally held himself on guard. His erect position had its effect on his mind, and rallied it to the support of his newly made resolution. He had wavered a little, for somehow he happened

to think that this fellow had walked about all night for want of a place to sleep in.

"You are in hard luck," said he, in an ironically sympathetic tone. He flushed as he heard his own voice, but he stood by his colors.

"I am, indeed," said the other, straight and honest.

The one coming up noticed the lack of a cringing "sir." Did the fellow, then, presume on an equality? This would never do. He must cut it short.

"I don't see how I can help you."

"Sir?"

"I don't see how I can help you."

Then the one coming up passed on, and putting his hand in his pocket, clutched some nickels there as a moral restorative, something hard for his resolution to lean against.

Well done! He could congratulate himself. The ice was broken. That was the way to deal with such fellows; turn them off to— He had forgotten to tell him where to go. Well, never mind. He would soon get used to the thing—he was not likely to want for chances—and then good-by to imposition. It was time. He had been in the city nearly a month—three weeks—

It was three weeks ago that other fellow came! They must have started in together to win fortune. Well, some up, and others down! His own success was undoubtedly due to superior qualities, which he could not name, but whose existence he felt within himself. They gave him a comfortable feeling all through his person. The sense of completeness extended to his clothes; he felt positive that his coat filled out well in the chest, and his trousers hung correctly at the knees. These were outward marks of inward superiority. But if he had failed—now that would have been hard luck, eh?

It would, indeed.

Then failure was due to luck, not inferiority. Which was really the better man, he or that other one? The electric light had shown no defects in that other. Suppose, now, by luck, the thing were reversed. Nonsense, of course; but suppose it. It ran in his head, and he could not help it. Would that other have said to him, "I don't see how I can help you"?

"Sir?"

It was provoking that he could not get the tone of that "sir" out of his head. Compared with the fellow's other words, the difference in tone was the difference between hope and despair. He would wager the fellow had not told the story before. He had appeared interested, and then coolly killed the awakened hope. That was an act of moral murder. Why did he let the fellow speak to him? Why did he stop? Was it because the fellow was honest, and he intuitively knew it?

And he had said, "I can't help you."

Why, that was a lie! He could have helped. A dime would have bought a bed, and another a breakfast. He had had occasion to find that out for himself. And at that time he would have given charity to almost any beggar, saying, "I have more than he, anyway." And now he could have given twenty dimes and not had to deny himself anything. The principle on which he was acting was right, but somehow the application was unsatisfactory.

How would it seem to lose all that he had—that little hoard in the box—the foundation of his fortune? Suppose he should be so hungry and tired and despairing in a cityful that he should confess to the first chance soul he met—taking the chance of its being a soul, not a mere man—"My last cent is gone." Not a pleasant feeling, eh? Well, he wouldn't think of it. Banish the accusing thoughts. Now to bed and to sleep.

But first he would look at that box and its contents. The sight would be a sedative, after what had happened. He got the box out, unlocked it, and looked within. Looked again. Shook it. The box was empty. He grew dizzy, and sank into a chair. His last cent was gone. That was hard luck? It was, indeed. And he did not see how it could be helped.

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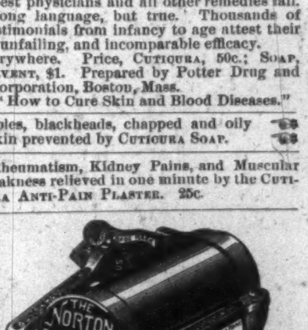

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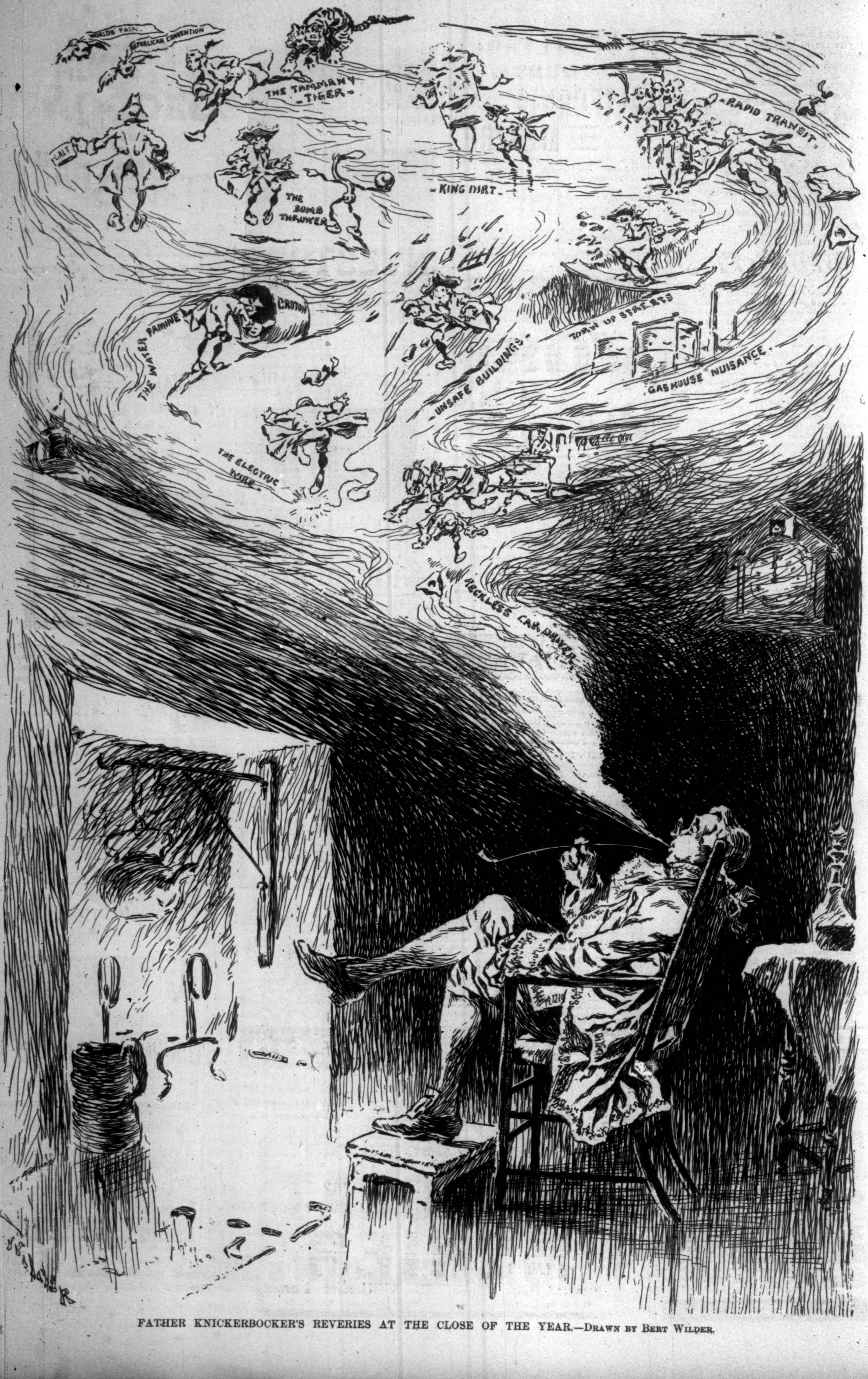

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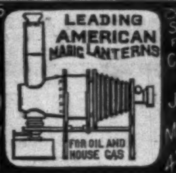

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